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THE CONTINENT WEEKLY MAGAZINE



CONDUCTED
BY ALBION
W. TOURGÉE

VOL V No 102

January 23,
1884.

Leading Features.

"The Late Richard Doyle." With Selections from his Drawings by Ernest Knaufft.

"National Education—How to Distribute the Surplus." By A.W. Tourgée.

OUR CONTINENT PUBLISHING COMPANY.

NEW YORK 23 · PARK · ROW



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Will Contain, among other interesting Features:

1. Once There Was a Man. By **R. H. NEWELL** (Orpheus C. Kerr.) Illustrated by F. T. MERRILL.
2. An Illustrated Paper on Aztec Music and Musical Instruments. By **E. A. BARBER**.
3. The History of Sculpture. By **HELEN CAMPBELL**.
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THE CONTINENT

Vol. V. No. 4.

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Whole No. 102.



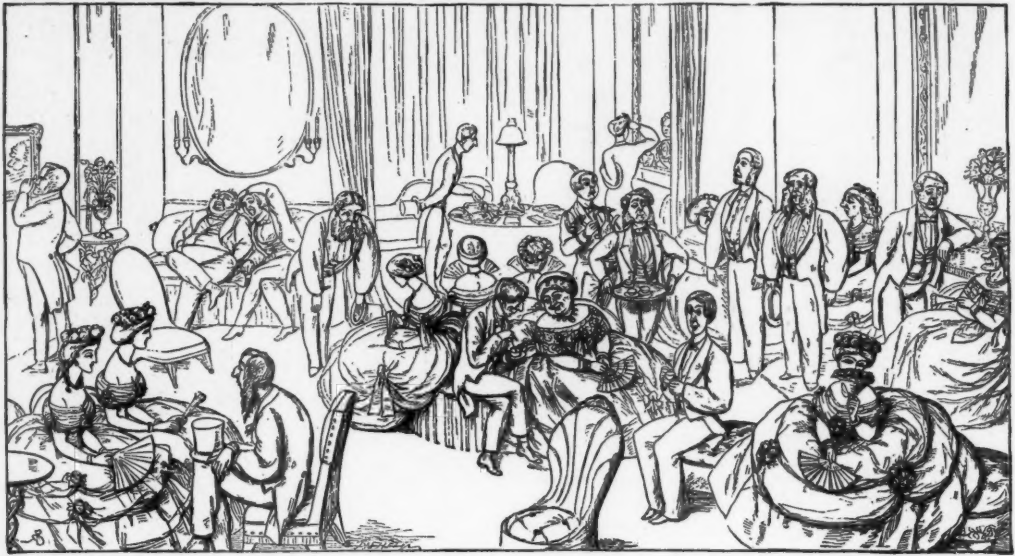
THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION—FROM "YE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF YE ENGLISH."

RICHARD DOYLE AS A DRAUGHTSMAN.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE summed up the character of the late Richard Doyle's work when he said: "What Mr. Doyle brought to *Punch* and what his defection has left entirely without, was a light, playful fancy, a harmless wit, and more particularly a power over the grotesque which enabled him to combine it easily, and, it would seem, naturally, with any subject he undertook to illustrate. He drew the most impossible and absurd figures—figures that outrage nature and compositions that defied probability—and yet they did not seem unnatural or improbable, but only extremely funny. He even united grotesqueness and grace."

It is with Mr. Doyle's drawings and his manner of making them that we have to do. As a draughtsman, for instance, Mr. Doyle may teach a worthy lesson to amateurs and beginners, in so much as they are apt to

be afraid to attempt a design for which they have no models. He has shown that, if one be clever and a close observer of the expressions of nature, there is nothing to prevent him from becoming an illustrator. While his work may not be strictly correct in drawing, he may fill the place others have failed in by making his work "speak," as it were, or "full of life." Richard Doyle was not an observer of men, but of their expressions. He caught the play of the countenance—the smile and the frown; there was no careful modeling in his faces, but the significance of no feature was lost. While it is always well for students to copy nature, yet, if they cannot do so correctly, they need not despair and feel that there is no other field for them in art. The drawings of Thackeray, Cruikshank and Leech cannot be compared with the

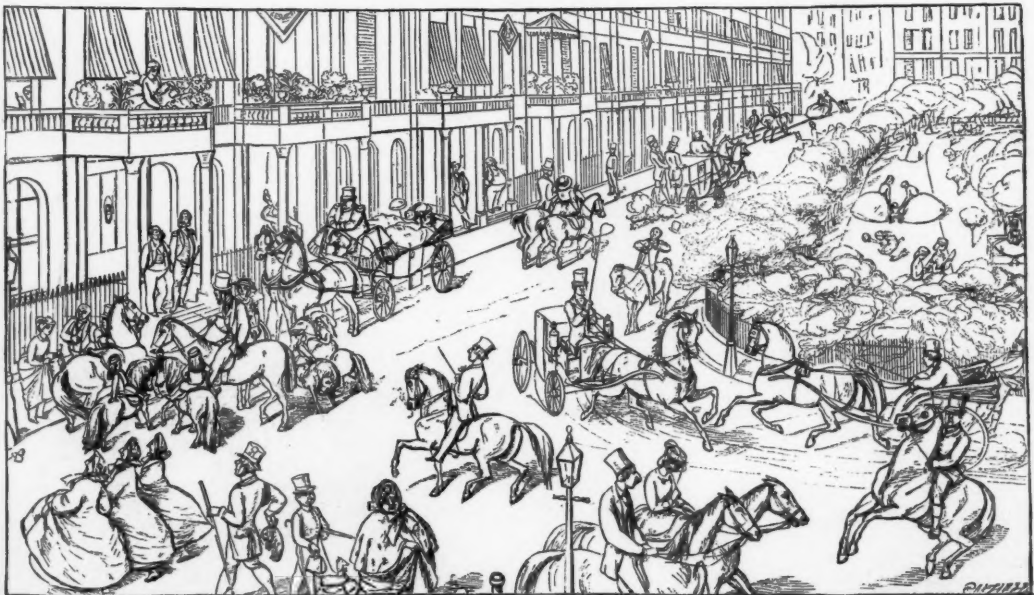


AFTER DINNER—FROM "BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS OF SOCIETY."

work of Millais, Leighton or Holman Hunt; but the application of their art is not to be despised. They worked in a different field. They were the jesters and sometimes the philosophers of genre. Doyle, while a collaborator with Leech and Thackeray, differed from them in the quaintness and grotesqueness of his designs.

We have often heard people, careless in their speech, misapplying the word cunning. To them it is synonymous with miniature; brother Tommy is "so cunning"

in that sailor suit, because ne looks like a little man; the kitten is cunning, because she is smaller than her mother; dolly, the doll's hat, her tiny muff, and the doll's house, are cunning, because they are in miniature. Now, this misapplied word just suits the work of Richard Doyle. In his day all illustrations were drawn upon the block, and with a pen. Upon this block of a few square inches, was Richard Doyle able to put a whole picture, men and women drawn in miniature, scenes from life ("drawn from ye quick," he



BELGRAVIA OUT OF DOORS—FROM "BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS OF SOCIETY."



"A PICNIC."

called them), and comical little designs with funny figures, not half an inch high, always put in the smallest space imaginable.

Richard Doyle was born in 1826. His father, Mr. John Doyle, was the author of the famous H. B. sketches. Under this incognito he issued a series of political

branches of a tree, shoots out its foliage north and south, east and west; perching on which are little gnomes and comical little men with long noses, on which are perched little dickie-birds; we also see naked, little imps peeping at Mr. Punch, climbing over the tendrils, and one, unlucky fellow has been so careless as to let himself fall.

For six years Mr. Doyle served *Punch* faithfully—from about 1844 to the end of 1850—resigning his position, with the salary of £800 a year, because of *Punch's* continued attacks on the Roman Catholic Church (he being of that faith).

How we should like when speaking of Mr. Doyle's connection with *Punch*, and of the books he illustrated, to run out leafy tendrils from our main subject as he does from his initial letter! For, among his



PICCADILLY—FROM FREDERICK LOCKER'S "LONDON LYRICS."

caricatures, which were much prized as excellent portraits of prominent men. The title page for *Punch*, Vol. XII, 1847, by Richard Doyle, contained some portrait caricatures which much resembled his father's work. But, turning over the page, we come to the design of the preface, and here we see Doyle in a very different light. No less than eighty-five grotesque little figures are scattered over the page. It is one of those designs in which an initial letter resembles the twisted



The ANGORA CAT.

FROM FREDERICK LOCKER'S "LONDON LYRICS."



FRONTISPIECE TO JOHN RUSKIN'S "KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER."

friends and the friends of Mr. Punch, we should find Douglas Jerrold, Tom Hood, Shirley Brooks, Mark Lemon, Percival Leigh and Arthur à-Becket. And then did he not illustrate "The Newcombes," by the noble and much-honored Thackeray, and Ruskin's works and Leigh Hunt's and Frederick Locker's poems? And, to go back to Mr. Punch's friends again, we might talk of Leech and Kennedy Meadows? But since we cannot do this, let us consider the designs which illustrate this paper.

First in order comes a cartoon from "Manners and Customs of Ye English; Drawn From ye Quick, by



THE OLD OAK TREE AT HATFIELD, BROADOAK.

Richard Doyle." The text was contributed by Percival Leigh, being extracted from "Mr. Pips, hys Diarye," and the illustrations were forty-nine plates, contributed to *Punch* during the years '49 and '50. As will be seen, they are outlandish caricatures, always



MRS. SMITH—FROM FREDERICK LOCKER'S "LONDON LYRICS."

"funny," often laughable; sometimes, because of bad composition, very tiresome. "A Picnic" is one of the best. Notice the Oscar Wilde of the day in the background, the fat gentleman who has taken possession of the cake, and the rustics looking on; see the disturbed party in the left hand corner, the gentleman who has seated himself upon a bunch of thistles, and, in the extreme corner here, the dog has run away with the chicken. Is not the plate overflowing with humor?

Within a few years appeared "The Foreign Tour of Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson"—a very popular book, but of which, we think, the less said the better. We grow tired of the three friends before they are half through their journey. The notes to the pictures

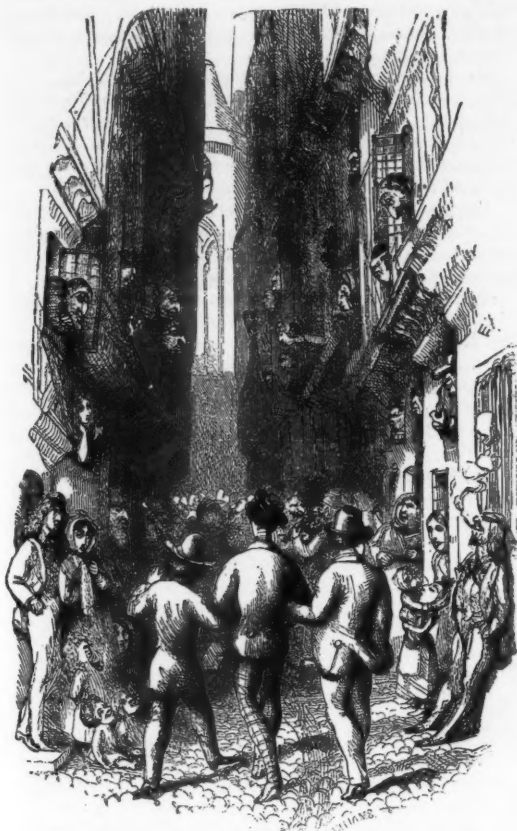


MR. PLACID'S FLIRTATIONS—FROM FREDERICK LOCKER'S "LONDON LYRICS."

are but poor substitutes for humor, and the drawings are not accurate or graphic enough to be of any value as descriptions of the foreign countries. Let us note, as we go along, that many of Mr. F. O. C. Darley's drawings suggest the influence of Mr. Doyle; and also, in an illustration to "The Newcombes," entitled "Newcombe versus Newcombe," can we not guess, too, that Mr. Nast has profited by Doyle's drawings? In



THE OLD CRADLE—FROM LOCKER'S LONDON LYRICS.



A "QUARTER" IN FRANKFORT—FROM "THE EUROPEAN TOUR OF BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON."

1861-'62 Doyle contributed sketches to *The Cornhill*, then edited by Thackeray, who much admired his work. "Bird's-eye Views of Society"—these, as will be seen by our two specimens, are in the style of "Manners and Customs," but which show a great improvement in drawing, and are much less caricatures. It is interesting to compare these compositions with the similar subjects by Du Maurier. The latter artist is a naturalist; he is the portrait painter of English society; he has very little fancy or imagination, and is not a caricaturist. Doyle, to the contrary, was never a realist; his "Bird's-eye Views" are not well composed pictures of types and characters of society, not real scenes and natural situations, but only plates over which are scattered, regardless of perspective, dull figures almost like puppets. They do not display the artistic feeling which we find in Du Maurier's work, or that he himself shows in his illustrations to "The Newcombes" and Frederick Locker's poems. It is surprising to see the grace which he could put into his female figures drawn on a plate which is full of burlesque, and to go back again to *Punch*, we find a female figure in an illustration called "The Best of Husbands," which for sweetness of face, loveliness of figure, and for the purity of design makes the work of Leech and Thackeray look stiff beside it.

But, we must not be understood to say that all of Doyle's work lacks artistic merit. He was very fine in his illustrations to "The Newcombes." In one of these, "Have you killed many men with this sword, Uncle?"

we find a design which would serve as a sketch for a painter; the portraits are highly finished, the pose is perfect; little Egbert's face and his childish figure are drawn with a skill that few English painters of to-day can rival. And, again, we find the painter's feeling in his illustrations to Leigh Hunt's "Jar of Honey."

These vignettes are full of sentiment, pure in design, and they have an originality about them which reminds one of designs in mediæval manuscripts. It was Doyle's genius for adding to a book charms which the author never dreamt of, that we admire; his ability to light up the pages of *Punch* with such drollery and humor, when the only task given to him was to draw a simple initial letter. So, when we come to the book from which the majority of our illustrations are derived, without any disparagement of the author of "London Lyrics," we think it fair to state that there is a sentiment and earnestness, a regard for beauty, a love of truth and a vividness and playfulness about the designs, which illustrate the work, which transcends Mr. Locker's sharp wit and ringing verse. The first vignette, "The Old Cradle," gives you an idea of Doyle's extreme delicacy, which is carried out in all his works, the lightness of the guardian angels, as two descend and two ascend, fill the page with motion; it is fine in simplicity. Next comes an illustration to "Piccadilly."

"Bright days when a stroll is my afternoon wont,
And I meet all the people I know, or I don't;
Here is jolly old Brown and his fair daughter Millie—
No wonder some pilgrims affect Piccadilly!"

"See yonder pair riding, how proudly they saunter,
She smiles on her poet, whose heart's in a canter."

One will see here, that the work verges upon caricature, but it is full of life and movement. Next comes the illustration to "A Wish." I doubt if any artist



A WISH—FROM FREDERICK LOCKER'S "LONDON LYRICS."

of Doyle's time, or of the present day, could have drawn a sweeter picture than this, in such unison with the poem; one feels that both were produced by the self-same feeling. We cannot resist giving the poem in full:

"A WISH.

"To the south of the church, and beneath yonder yew,
A pair of child-lovers I've seen;
More than once were they there, and the years of the two
When united, might number thirteen.

"They sat by a grave that had never a stone
The name of the dead to determine;
It was Life paying Death a brief visit,—a known
And a notable text for a sermon.

"They tenderly prattled; oh, what did they say?
The turf on that hillock was new.
Little friends, could ye know ought of death or decay?
Could the dead be regretful of you?"

"I wish to believe, and believe it I must,
That there her loved father was laid;
I wish to believe—I will take it on trust—
That father knew all that they said.

"My Own you are five, very nearly the age
Of that poor little fatherless child,
And some day a true-love your heart will engage
When on earth I my last may have smiled.

"Them come to my grave, like a good little lass,
Where'er it may happen to be;
And if any daisies should peer through the grass,
Be sure they are kisses from me.

"And place not a stone to distinguish my name,
For stranger and gossip to see;
But come with your lover, as these lovers came,
And talk to him sweetly of me.

"And while you are smiling, your father will smile
Such a dear little daughter to have;
But mind, oh yes, mind you are happy the while
I wish you to visit my grave."

"The Angora Cat" and "The Old Oak Tree at Hatfield Broadoak," show rare exquisiteness. The latter well illustrates the author's line, "A Mighty Growth!" The two drawings, "Mrs. Smith," and "Mr. Placid's Flirtation," are full of character, con-

taining good bits of landscape. We consider the figure of Mrs. Smith as graceful as anything Millais ever put upon a block.

Mr. Doyle illustrated many books of fairy tales. We give, as an instance, the frontispiece to Ruskin's "King of the Golden River." He also illustrated "Jack the Giant Killer," and Montalba's "Fairy Tales of All Nations;" in such work, however, we must admit that he was excelled by Cruikshank.

Among other things we must be thankful to Doyle for the neatness and nicety with which he drew his designs. In this respect he excelled all his contemporaries, with the exception perhaps of Cruikshank.

Richard Doyle died in London, Tuesday, December 11, 1883, in the fifty-eighth year of his age. He was the last of the early illustrators of *Punch*. He was never popular in the sense that Leech was popular, but his drawings gave pleasure to many who did not know that the little monogram in the corner of the design stood for Richard Doyle. How few, for instance, know that the present title page of *Punch*, which they see week after week, was made long ago by Richard Doyle? May he be rewarded in the better world a thousand fold for the pleasure he has given to young and old in this.

ERNEST KNAUFFT.



NIGHT SHADOWS IN POE'S POETRY.

THE appearance of an important biography of Poe in France and the preparation of still another in America, the publication of his most widely-read poem with illustrations by Doré, and the prospective unveiling of a memorial tablet to his honor, seem to furnish a fit occasion for inviting attention to a striking but hitherto unnoted characteristic of his poetry. In fact, with the exception of a comparatively few closeted minds, the attention of the world has thus far been riveted upon the overwhelming sorrows of Poe's lot, the mysterious inequalities of his moods, and the phenomenal aspects of his career, rather than devoted to the critical examination of his works. The retributive swing of the human mind, also, naturally bore it first to the rescue of his name and character both from the innumerable legends that grew up around them during his lifetime, and from the blunders and the malignity that overwhelmed them immediately after his death. Thus, criticism, especially in America, has not yet spent its powers upon his literary remains, and thus it seems possible that a brief examination of his poems may serve to exhibit them in a novel and interesting light.

There are poets who claim all hours and all seasons for their own; but an almost constitutional concomi-

tant of the poetry of Poe is night. Of the more than forty pieces that comprise his poetical works a fifth are wholly night scenes, and in the composition of three-fourths the shadow of night fell athwart his mind and supplied it with its favorite imagery. The remaining poems, with the exception of three, do not contain the element of time at all. Two of these mentioned as exceptions were written in his youth, before he had elaborated his views of the "Poetic Principle," or his imagination had assumed its final cast. Thus, among his later poems that contain the element of time, there is only one—"The Haunted Palace"—that may be called a day-scene; and when it is remembered that this poem is designed to describe the overthrow and ruin of a beautiful mind, so that all the imagery introduced throughout merely expresses the contrast between reason and madness, even it will scarcely be regarded as a solitary exception. Leaving it out of consideration, therefore, we may say that all his most beautiful poems, having any relation to time, belong wholly to the night, and from it draw their elements of power and pathos. These, by general consent, are "The Raven"—the night of dying embers and ghostly shadows, of mournful memories and broken hopes; "Lenore"—the night of the bell-tolling for the saintly soul that

floats on the Stygian river; "Helen"—the night of the full-orbed moon and silvery, silken veil of light, of the upturned faces of a thousand roses, of beauty, clad in white, reclining upon a bed of violets; "Ulalume"—the night of sober, ashen skies and crisp, sere leaves in the lonesome October, of dim lakes and ghoulish-haunted woodland; "The Bells"—the night of the icy air through which the stars that oversprinkle all the heavens seem to twinkle with crystalline delight; "Annabel Lee"—the night of the wind blowing out of a cloud, chilling and killing his beautiful bride in the Kingdom by the Sea; "The Conqueror Worm"—the gala knight in his lonesome latter years with its angel throng bedight in veils and drowned in tears; and "The Sleeper"—the night of the mystic moon, exhaling from her golden rim an opiate vapor that drips upon the mountain top and steals drowsily and musically into the Universal Valley—the night of nodding rosemary and lolling water-lily—of fog-wrapped ruin and slumber-steeped lake.

If we turn from his poems to the "Poetic Principle," we shall discover the fascination that night exercised over his poetic imagination, strongly affecting his estimates of poetic beauty in others. Thus, among the minor poems selected by him in the exposition of the "Poetic Principle," on the ground that they best suited his own taste or left upon his own fancy the more definite impression, are "The Serenade" of Shelley, a poem by Willis, beginning with a reference to the on-coming night, the poem by Byron beginning "The day of my destiny is over," the "Waif" by Longfellow, beginning "The day is done and the darkness," and two selections from Hood—one beginning with a figure descriptive of the approaching night, the other being the night suicide on the "Bridge of Sighs."

Passing to his enumeration of the simple elements that induce in the poet true poetical effect, we find him mentioning the bright orbs that shine in heaven, the star-mirroring depths of lonely wells, the sighing night wind, and the faint suggestive odor that comes at eventide from our far-distant oceans illimitable and unexplored. If we leave the "Poetic Principle" and take up his reviews of authors, native and foreign, contributed by him to various periodicals during the course of many years, we derive from them evidences greatly multiplied and not less striking of the spell that such hours possessed for his poetic imagination. Again and again will it be found that passages in some way related to night are selected from a poem or a book of poems, emphasized, and made the subject of delicate analysis or graceful comment.

And, finally, if we but glance at—for we do not wish to explore—his prose tales of the imaginative kind, we may detect further examples of the same compositional bent. In "Ligeia," which he regarded his best tale as involving the exercise of the highest imaginative creativeness, the lady Ligeia's death occurs at high noon of night, and the hideous drama of revivification goes on from midnight till gray dawn; in the "Fall of the House of Usher," the catastrophe takes place at an hour when the full, setting, blood-red moon shines through a fissure of the foredoomed and collapsing ruins; in "Metzengerstein," it is at night that the unbonnetted and disordered horseman leapt the moat and the castle wall and disappears in a whirlwind of chaotic fire.

Of this striking peculiarity the evidences are now, perhaps, sufficiently detailed. In connection with it, it will be interesting to consider certain peculiar habits in the poet's life, his habits of composing, his views re-

garding poetic art, and his essentially gloomy nature. We find the closely related facts in Poe's habit of going nightly for months to the grave of the woman, who by her tender and gracious reception of him while he was a student in Richmond, became the subject of his confiding tenderness during the rest of her lifetime, and in his remaining for hours at her tomb, leaving it most regretfully when the autumnal nights were dreariest with rains and wailing winds; in his frequently escaping from parade, when a student at West Point, that he might indulge his predisposition to loneliness and solitude on the banks of the legend-haunted Hudson; in his habit of walking to High Bridge during his residence at Fordham, and of pacing the pathway, then so solitary, at all hours of the day and night; in his selecting as a favorite seat a rocky ledge to the east of his cottage, where, during starlit nights, he would sit dreaming his wild dreams of the universe; in his habit of arising from his sleepless pillow for weeks after the death of his wife and of keeping tearful, lonely vigils by her grave; in his habit, while writing "Eureka," of walking up and down the porch in front of his cottage even on the coldest nights, engaged in contemplating the stars and in solving until the approach of dawn the august problems of his ever-wakeful brain; and, finally, in the very pertinent special fact that during one of these nights of restless wandering the occasion was furnished him of writing one of his most beautiful poems.

All these facts show how inexcusable is the ignorance of some of Poe's biographers in stating that he was afraid of the darkness, and was rarely out in it alone. On the contrary, they reveal him as a voluntary student and loving companion of the night, either because it was most soothing to his irritated sensibility or more pleasing to his imagination, or ablest and aptest to excite in him desired or un hoped for trains of thought. The evidence that they furnish relative to his hours and habits of composing seems to throw a welcome light upon the characteristic of his poetry that is under consideration; and this may be supplemented by certain remarkable statements of his own on the subject—statements that have been entirely overlooked by those who should have had the keenest appreciation of their value. At moments of the soul's most intense tranquility, at those mere points of time when the waking world blends with the world of dreams, there arose in his soul, as if the five senses had been supplanted by five myriad others alien to mortality, evanescent visions of a supernal character—psychical impressions marked by the absoluteness of novelty—fancies of exquisite delicacy—the shadows of shadows—which, despite all his extraordinary powers of expression, he yet utterly failed at first, to adapt to language.

By repeated efforts, however, he acquired the power of startling himself from slumber at the moment when these ecstasies supervened, and of thus immediately transferring the attendant impressions to the realm of memory, when for an instant they could be subjected to the eye of analysis; and thus, finally, he so far succeeded in adapting them to language as to be able to give others a shadowy conception of their character. In this way, no doubt, his mind became the storehouse of images drawn from a world little known to common minds, and the events of his inner life seemed better known to him than the occurrences of outer experience. The conclusion to be drawn, however, is that poetic visions arose in the soul of Poe during the stillness of the night, and either involuntarily or deliberately were yielded up to its influence, and partook of its hue and spirit. Along with this strange revelation of his

as to his ecstasies and struggles for utterance, there is no positive statement that the precious material thus so laboriously obtained, passed into the composition of his poetry; but evidence to this effect may be found elsewhere in his writings. For, to Poe, who is the true poet? Not he who sings, with whatever glowing enthusiasm or however vivid a truth of description, of the sights and sounds and odors and sentiments that greet him in common with other minds. The naked senses, if they sometimes perceive too little, always perceive too much. Art is the reproduction of what the senses perceive *through the veil of the soul*; and he is the true poet who, with ecstatic prescience of glories beyond the grave, attains by multiform combinations among the things and thoughts of time, brief and indeterminate glimpses of that supernal loveliness—of those divine and rapturous joys—whose very elements appertain to eternity alone. In his poetry, therefore, we expect to find his own ecstatic visions—his own brief and indeterminate glimpses, which, if prolonged, he said would have compressed heaven into earth. And there we find them—manifested, not as things of sharpest outline and most determinate tone, but in the extra terrestrial accent, the mystical atmosphere, the dreamlike haze, the delicate breath of faery, the arch-angelic purity and nebulous softness of rhythmical movement that distinguished his creations from those of every poet, living or dead.

From his habits of life and of composing, we come to speak of the elements of his "Poetic Principle." These elements, as may be ascertained from various portions of his writings, comprised not beauty alone, and always Beauty Uranian, never Dionæan, but also Melancholy, Strangeness, Indefiniteness and Originality. Such a theory of poetic art as he accepted would of itself have led him irresistibly to write of those hours that alone bring the human mind under the Supreme influence of the ideas fundamental to the theory itself. It is only at night, when the veil is thrown over the senses, and is lifted from the soul, that Beauty becomes most elevating and Melancholy most intense; that the Commonplace is supplanted by the Strange; that the Definite, suddenly overleaping its bounds, becomes the vague and vast; and that the poetic soul, rightly attuned to such influences, will be likeliest to attain Originality of the highest order. It is scarcely a fanciful phrase to say, that the elements of Poe's "Poetic Principle" were native to the Night, and lurked in its recesses, throwing dark lines upon the bright spectrum of his creative consciousness, and pervading his creations themselves as the gloom, the chill, the mystery, the dread, the disturbing strangeness, the unexplored recesses of sorrow, that constitute another group of his poetic attributes.

And, now, finally, we come to that which must be final in every investigation of this kind—the peculiari-

ties of the poet's very nature. Of these his many biographers have had much to say, and it seems but necessary for us, in this connection, to note that Poe dwelt in a perpetual Night of the Soul. Rubens, by a single stroke, converted a laughing into a crying child; but no propitious stroke of destiny could ever have converted this gloom-haunted child of poetry and passion into a joyous singer in the sunshine; not sudden wealth, not troops of friends, nor adequate recognition. Of poverty he himself said that the Nine were never so tuneful as when penniless; of adversity in other forms, that what the Man of Genius wanted was moral matter in motion—it made little difference toward what the motion tended, and absolutely no difference what was the matter. We have come to think of him as the offspring of passion and adventure, as at birth ruled over by a spirit of romance, sinister and stormy, as early in life moulded by much that was *outré* and abnormal, and as bearing upon himself, when even a Man, the stamp of indefinable Melancholy.

Thus, whether we examine his poetry, or fix our attention upon his habits of life, his methods of composition, his views of the Poetic Principle or his very nature, our minds are drawn irresistibly to the same thing—night. Beneath this manifold night, however—the night of nature, the night of theories and the night of the soul, his broken but undying song always rose and soared away toward the realms of light—passing the clouds, passing the moon, passing the stars, passing his visions of floating angels—passing even toward the divine and eternal Beauty.

JAMES LANE ALLEN.

[A book which, like the superb edition of "The Raven" issued by Harper & Bros.,* has come to its tenth edition three months from its first appearance, has no need of praise to ensure its success, and can well bear any degree of criticism that may be expended upon it; but none is needed, save for the crude and nightmare effects, that are inseparable from all the work of Doré, and which here and there mar the pages. The volume was issued as a holiday book, and evidently it has met the popular want; yet its great size, requiring a table quite to itself, and ensuring aching arms for whoever turns it over, is a serious objection to its form. Paper, print, binding, are all perfect. Nothing more thoroughly so has ever come from the American press; but the illustrations are almost entirely lacking in the grace and delicacy, the real harmony, with the spirit of the poem, which distinguished a much less pretentious edition sent out by another house. But there is power, and the fascination which always accompanies detached portions of Doré's work, and the book is likely to remain, and in many points surely deserves to remain permanently a popular favorite.—Ed.]

* THE RAVEN. By Edgar Allen Poe. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. With Comments by Edmund C. Stedman. \$10.00. Harper & Brothers.

THE BOATMAN'S SONG.

FLY, fly, my bark, across the sea;
The sun is on the wane,
The last beam lingers mistfully
Upon the steeple vane;
The reapers are leaving the fields of grain,
And a face is pressed on the window pane.

Fly, fly, my bark, across the sea;
Dim shadows veil the strand,
And twilight hues glide hazily

Across the sea and sand;
But I see a form in the doorway stand,
And looking this way with a shading hand.

Fly, fly, my bark, across the sea;
Leave wind, and wave, and roar;
The time has come for you and me
To lay aside the oar.
There is rest for thee on the starlit shore,
And a kiss for me at the open door.

CLARENCE T. URMY.

ONCE THERE WAS A MAN.

BY R. H. NEWELL. (ORPHEUS C. KERR.)

CHAPTER XXIV.

UNWONTED GUESTS IN THE VILLAGE.

WHEN Doctor Hedland, pausing in Kuchin, on his way to Singapore, urgently invited the Effingham family to visit his Dyak village before their departure from the East Indies, he was simply yielding therein to the sway of a rapidly augmenting impulse of propitiatory kindness for the whole human race. It would have puzzled himself to analyze the process of the change in his disposition as a social being since the last interview with Makota, when that tortuous barbarian's confession of his deception as to the mias, and final relinquishment of all farther friendly pretension, had impelled him to accept the first opportunity for a reconciliation with Rajah Brooke, and even find a certain contradictory comfort in being ostentatiously apologetic to representatives of a nationality for which he had previously entertained the most intolerant dislike. This first extravagant reaction of a naturally domineering spirit, was now being supplemented, after Medlani's revelation, by a kind of indiscriminate and deprecating good-will for all mankind. Profound intellectual humiliation was unquestionably the basis of the change. His elaborate and startling theory of the origin of the human species, deduced from a supposedly convincing ethnological discovery, and maintained to the last extreme of supercilious arrogance, had collapsed pitifully and utterly under the punctures of a few local facts which any ordinary mind might have traced, or suspected, long ago. This was enough to account for the really ingenuous naturalist's first rather dazing paroxysm of intellectual self-contempt, and consequent impatience of any farther pretence of pride with his previously somewhat contemned fellow-creatures; but now, in his latest condition of positively generous urbanity, he realized, without stopping to reason why, that if he was immeasurably a meeker man than before, there had come, also, with the humility, a curious, an indescribable, a subtle feeling of mental and spiritual disenchantment, so luxuriously pleasant in the experience as to surcharge his general nature with the utmost complacency for everybody.

It was in this state of amiable exaltation that the Doctor said to Mr. and Mrs. Effingham: "You and your family must surely be my guests, for one night at least, in Pa Jenna's village, before you leave Borneo. Having been courageous enough to come as a household to a savage spot of the world so little known, the ladies are in duty bound not to miss seeing how the Borneon aborigines live in mid-air. The distance from here is insignificant; our villagers have attained sufficient civilization in manners and dress to be not impracticable neighbors for a short time; and my own semi-detached house is so exceptionally arranged, with easy ladders from story to story, that ladies may ascend to the village without difficulty. I can appropriate two cottages, in the vicinity of my own, to your exclusive use; putting a bamboo railing across the public veranda on either side of them to assure your greater privacy. It may be well for you to bring your cook, and two or three

other servants, as my Dyaks are but barbarous table-livers yet. That you can easily do, and, with such attendance, you need undergo no particular hardships."

Mr. Effingham, having already been a visitor to the lofty human nest thus commended, and remembering the decorous orderliness of its every aspect, saw no strong reason why he should not accept, for his so soon emigrating family-party, this hospitable invitation to the most interesting of parting calls. Dr. Hedland's wholly unexpected and peculiar courtesy in the matter was characteristic of the oddest of mortals; but as it was obviously proffered in perfect good faith, and afforded the ladies a chance to enjoy a rarely picturesque spectacle, never before looked upon by civilized members of their sex, the indulgent husband and father promptly decided to avail himself of it.

"The temptation is too great to be resisted, Doctor," he replied, after but brief deliberation, "and we shall be most happy to try the adventure suggested by your kindness as our final experience of Borneo. Perhaps, as I am informed that you think of leaving the island very soon yourself, we might induce you to accept passage with us in our brig to Singapore?"

"Kindly thought of, Mr. Effingham: it would be vastly agreeable for me to accede to that idea at once; but the exploration of a mountain cave in my neighborhood, that I have been lately induced to undertake, may make the time of my departure quite uncertain. I thank you, however, for your very polite intention, and also for your acceptance of my own invitation. Mrs. Effingham, I shall really deem it an enviable honor to be the first European welcoming ladies to a genuine Dyak village of Borneo."

Thus, while the unique adventure was decided upon, the exact date for its accomplishment went undesignated; and this was eminently characteristic of an exotic manner of life in which both parties to the friendly engagement had unconsciously lost all methodical habit of taking account of time.

Several weeks elapsed before Mr. Effingham's affairs in Kuchin were so conclusively ordered that he felt justified in having the brig *Wetterveen* made ready for Singapore. Then, as the vessel was too large to go all the way to the village, and, if employed, would necessitate a supplementary transportation of the visitors in small boats, he determined to engage for the latter trip, instead, a fine trading-prahu from Celebes, at that time awaiting a cargo in the river.

Embarked for the excursion on this rude, but thoroughly stanch and indolently comfortable craft, the family were accompanied by Berner, Ambrose, the Chinese cook and a lower servant of the same nationality. In due observance of the warning as to Dyak barbarism of fare, various suitable appointments and provisions for kitchen and table were likewise carried, and Mr. Effingham bore with him a fowling-piece for the benefit of such game as might prove incidental to the trip. At the bow of the prahu a brass swivel gun was mounted, and two small iron carronades stood on either side of the deck; but these were only the common armament of any Archipelago coaster. Not a dream could there be of peril for peaceful voyagers in the Sarawak valley of

these days; so absolutely established was the authority of the great Rajah, and so thoroughly had it overawed all exterior marauders from venturing into a river once haunted by their piratical fleets.

Under the broad, peaked awning of plaited rattan, upon ship-chairs from the *Welleveden*, sat husband and wife, daughter and Cousin Sadie; the ladies in brown linen dresses and hats of straw, suitable to the climate and occasion; the gentleman in the same half-soldierly, half miner-like costume he had worn on his Simunjon expedition. At the bow, Berner, Ambrose and their subordinates watched the hoisting of the large, triangular sail of the prahu; Master Cherubino standing near them, with arms akimbo, staring at the bronzed Bugis captain with an intensity calculated to make even that rude mariner miserably conscious of any aspect of his person or dress that might conceivably challenge unfavorable criticism.

"There is a ship of war coming in," remarked the American merchant, indicating a point of view down the river, some distance beyond the Rajah's wharf, where a full-rigged vessel could be discerned approaching. "I heard at 'The Grove' that a frigate and gun-boat might be here from Singapore to-night; but this is probably an unexpected arrival."

"It is hard to realize that we, ourselves, shall be so soon starting down this river for our old, outer world again," said his wife, looking with more interest at their own brig, anchored not far away. "The months we have passed here seem longer when looked back upon than they did in being lived. Shall we remain long at Singapore, Richard?"

"Probably not over two days, my dear. After I have finished my business with Mr. Dodge we may go at once on board the *Comanche*. Our life here has been quite an ideal one; but is such an existence living, after all? We are out of the human life of the civilized world, and do not enter into that of the native barbarism here. It is a comparatively passive transitional condition for us, and will appear to all like a dream when it shall be over."

But, as the desultory conversation of the short journey now beginning was not essential to the elucidation of our story, and the general character of Sarawak river-scenery has been sufficiently exhibited in earlier chapters, they need not be repeated nor dwelt upon here.

The half-day's voyage was a tranquil, languorous gliding on through that historical valley, the shadows of whose flanking chains of forest-clad hills met under the prahu and gave an almost black relief to the snowy ripple of the prow. No other hues met the sight, on either side, than the varying emeralds of an eternity of Tropical foliage; from the opaque low growths with unknown mountain depths behind them, to the transparent and delicately dwarfed leafage of the high, retiring crests against the untinted sky. Flowers bloomed not visibly on bank nor in palm-openings; no flutter of bird's wing lightened the afternoon dusk of the jungled shore's unbroken embowment; and yet, between the dun and yellow tinges of the noiseless prahu itself, the soft, bluish darkness of the stream, the graded verdures of the hills, and the dull red of a sun bound rayless in a firmament of pearly vapor, there was a Sentiment, as it were, of sensuous color, to which an artistic ideal of any inner Sunland would have added neither glow of rose nor gleam of water-lily.

At Leda Tanah both sail and mast were lowered, and long oars plashed in the tide, as the prahu turned into the left branch of the river there, and entered the narrowing archway of Nypas leading to the village. In

the cool, green dimness of the pillared shade now so closely about them, the voyagers began to see strange birds among the boughs, and an occasional gaunt Dyak dog, and even wild hogs, in the waterside jungle; the delight of the small-boy of the party at view of the half-starved canine mongrels being expressed in such salutatory irrepressible whistles, as are the eternal delusion and despair of creatures of their credulous species, in lands where masculine immaturity is refined to the last ingenuity of embittering their natural trustfulness into ultimate hydrophobic frenzy at the very sight of a lad's toothsome leg.

When the boat, in its now slow progress, had arrived within a short distance of the point where it should emerge below the village, Doctor Hedland and another European figure were seen, apparently in waiting, upon a place on the bank where the latter sloped gradually to the tide and presented an opening between the trees.

"Welcome, at last, to you all!" shouted the naturalist, heartily; at the same time making a motion for the prahu to stop there. His companion, lifting his hat and bowing, was discovered to be Colonel Daryl.

The mooring occupied so little time, that some of the visitors had scarcely recovered from their first surprise at recognizing the Doctor's companion when the latter and their host climbed on board and offered their congratulations.

"We selected this for your landing-place, ladies," explained Hedland, whose whole manner was fairly buoyant; "because the one with which Mr. Effingham is familiar, has—as he probably remembers—a bluff to be scaled by ladders before you are even at the foot of our tall village. You must be resigned to a little hard uphill walking, as it will save you all ladder-climbing except what I trust you will find not very difficult."

"It must appear to you, Mrs. Effingham, that you are never to see the last of me," remarked the Colonel to that lady, in a half laughing, half apologetic way.

"The pleasure of meeting you here, sir, was certainly unexpected by us," she replied, not seeming to notice, or, at any rate, not imitating, the cold reserve with which her daughter had received his greeting.

"I am here upon peremptory personal summons of our friend, Hedland," continued the Colonel, "who thinks that he has actually discovered, in the most curious manner, a clue to the fate of that unfortunate being in whose profitless pursuit I have passed so much time in Borneo."

"And he is yet a skeptic on that point, madame," struck in the Doctor, overhearing the conversation. "Wait until to-morrow evening, after we have made a little excursion together, and then hear what he may have to say!"

Only so much explanation of Daryl's presence was practicable before the business of landing the party monopolized all attention. It was found that the movable prahu ladders leading from the deck to the hold, would reach easily, and at a convenient angle, from the deck to the shore; consequently no very awkward incident attended the disembarkation. With assistance from the gentlemen, rather formal than actually necessary, the ladies descended in the undemonstrative style of experienced travelers. Then their host, with Mrs. Effingham under his special care; the Colonel, calmly stepping into the position of escort to the obviously reluctant Abretta; Mr. Effingham lending an arm to Miss Ankeroo, and Cherubino following with the servants; formed a little procession to accomplish the short remaining journey.

The course of the latter was nearly parallel with the water, though in gradual ascent of the hillside across which it ran. A path, cut through the jungle for the purpose, led between the green walls of a slightly undulatory Tropical hedge, as it could be called, from the moorage of the prahu to a level with the piled foundation of the village, and the fairer members of the party had no more difficulty in treading it than if their walk had been a leisurely ramble between bushes and under trees on the sloping riverside grounds of a Christian estate. That there should be no annoyance from popular curiosity, the considerate naturalist had requested Pa Jenna to keep all his Dyaks strictly out of sight during the brief overland passage; and, as a consequence, even the somewhat disappointed Cherub beheld no savage human reminder of the absence of civilization.

Nevertheless, strangeness enough there was in the experience to repress feminine personality of conversation, until, after a naturally wondering view of the iron-wood colonnade uprearing the community of their destination, the adventurous guests duly scaled the interval of laddered storys in Doctor Hedland's house, and emerged, rather tired, through the trap in the topmost floor.

"Once more, welcome, my friends," said the Doctor, when, at last, they all stood safely in the room memorable for the lecture on Oshonsee. Mr. Effingham glanced about him in search of the famous ape; and Cherubino, bold with the engaging unreserve of his tender years, made prompt inquiry:

"If you please, sir, where's the monkey that you say is like Father and me and other men?"

Before the parental impulse to rebuke this infantile presumption could find words to express itself, Hedland made answer with noticeable alacrity—as though rather gratified at the opportunity:

"To be sure, my young friend—where is he? Such curiosity is very natural. Just now the object of your inquiry is rusticated in a new retreat of mine amongst the hills, a little further up the river; but Colonel Daryl and I may bring him back with us from our excursion to-morrow."

Although ostensibly addressed to the inquisitive youth, this explanation of a notable absence was plainly intended for the timely information of all who might feel an interest in the matter.

"And now, if you please," continued the smiling Doctor, making the invitation general, "we will see how you ladies can walk a Dyak bridge. You must see what kind of houses I have obtained for you."

As before described, the "batang," or bridge, connecting this house with the great common gallery, or open veranda, of the village, was shaped like an inverted triangle, a single bamboo pole giving the footing, whence rattan lashings slanted up on either side to a handrail of the same gigantic reed. Over this swaying structure, as it was not long, the ladies followed their masculine conductors without serious disturbance of nerve; and were introduced upon the veranda to Pa Jenna, who, with a select company of the elders of the village, male and female, had there waited to offer homage and hospital professions to their beloved Tuan's marvelous friends.

Thus was inducted to a Dyak eyrie the first Christian family ever penetrating into the Dyak country southward of Bruni.* It is unnecessary to dilate again upon the remarkable spectacle of the village-street in mid-air; with tree-tops to be touched from the bamboo railings

in front, and the hill summit, jungled and palmed, rising protectively behind. In prospect of such unwonted visitors the whole half-civilized community had been disciplined into an at least temporary system of manners and dress with which the most sensitive strangers from Christendom could not reasonably have found fault. In making a round of the village with their host, his friend, the Orang-Kaya, and the native elders before mentioned, our Americans were able to study the simple domestic genius of the place, as well as its public curiosities (excepting, of course, the interior of the "head-house") without being either dogged or stared at by the usual popular following of visiting Christians in barbarous settlements.

Returning finally to the two houses assigned for their occupancy; both of them at Dr. Hedland's corner of the mighty veranda and made as commodious as was practicable by generous appropriation of nearly all the Doctor's own furniture in addition to that brought by the prahu; the party found the promised social privacy in temporary partitions of bamboo rails and mats across the public way on either side of their quarters. An inspiration more than masculine seemed to have guided their benignantly transformed host in his preparations for the utmost domiciliary comfort to be evoked in such an unaccustomed place for the gentler natures of earth; and even Miss Ankeroo forgot, momentarily, his biological audacities, in contemplating the many obvious signs of his hospitable forethought.

While the Chinese cook, with the inimitable adaptiveness of his ingenious race, was doing wonders towards the composition of a dinner at one of the open-air fireplaces; and Berner and Ambrose systematized the distribution of things indoors for the night; Mrs. Effingham and her daughter and cousin, seated on ship's chairs near the veranda railing, enjoyed the novel prospect below and around them, and gradually lapsed from discussion of Dyak architecture and character into the nearer interests and personalities of ordinary talk.

"—And the most surprising thing to me in this surprising place," said Mrs. Effingham to the Doctor, "is to hear what Colonel Daryl has told me of the occasion for his sudden presence here with you. Are you really confident, Doctor Hedland, of being able to trace the history of the long-missing man after his escape from Batavia to this island?"

"I have traced so much, madame—so very much," returned he, with emphatic earnestness, "that my own astonishment at it grows, I may say, with every hour!"

With a look inviting the adjacent Miss Ankeroo and Mr. Effingham to draw their chairs nearer and heed, also, what he should say, the naturalist bent nearer toward all three, from his own chair, and lowered his voice:—

"Daryl himself does not know all yet; for I have made my greatest confirmative discovery; and that at no considerable distance from this very spot; since returning from Singapore. It is to reveal this to him, with the assistance of peculiar local proof, that I have engaged him to go with me, unquestioningly, to-morrow, on the excursion I mentioned to you, Madame, this afternoon. The engagement was made, Mr. Effingham, before the coming of your note by canoe this morning, saying that you would be here to-day."

"Our presence must not for a moment deter you from keeping such an appointment to the hour," said that gentleman, with courteous promptness; "otherwise I shall not excuse myself for deferring until so late to

* The families of an American and an English missionary had previously lived for a short time in the suburbs of Bruni.

warn you of our advent. It was my hope to prevent any too liberal pains on your part for our accommodation—we being all old travelers, and ready to take new places as they are;—but I see that you have fairly revolutionized the village for us, after all.”

“Don’t mention it, my good sir. There is no limit to my inclination of good-will toward yourself and the ladies,” responded Doctor Hedland, with surprising fervor of tone and manner.—“And I must avail myself of your own and your family’s considerate indulgence for a few hours to-morrow, indeed. You will, and ought to, think me a rude host for so doing; and Daryl himself is not likely to accede altogether graciously to what I can see that he is half disposed to regard as pursuant of another visionary delusion on my part. But wait until we have come back to you in a few hours, my friends, and then we shall find out whether you yet judge my discourtesy to have been gratuitous, and he holds me yet to be a harebrained hunter of wild geese!”

The suppressed exultation of the speaker had a contagious effect upon his auditors, in stimulating them with an expectation no less lively because widely indefinite. Making every allowance for the philosopher’s supposed tendency to be very positive in his deductions of mountainous theory from molehill fact, it was yet the intuition of his present observers that he was now under the inspiration of a conviction practically substantiated. Evidently he had made a discovery relative to the Daryl family mystery of sufficient importance to revivify the Colonel’s exhausted interest in that previously hopeless problem; but the question remained: what had he yet of that discovery in reserve, even from the Colonel himself, to yield any more material fruition than the mere delight of his own mind, in being able to trace the erratic steps of a fugitive madman some distance further than any one else could do?

“We are not to be persuaded into a question of your courtesy, whatever may be the temporary philosophical skepticism of your friend,” Mr. Effingham said, smilingly; “and whatsoever gratifying revelation you and the Colonel may have for our sympathetic curiosity to-morrow evening, need be burdened with no apologetic property so far as your guests are concerned. Shall I seem too inquisitive if I ask, whether the discovery you have made is likely to be of practical benefit to Colonel Daryl?”

“The man can’t be alive yet, of course,” interrupted Miss Ankeroo, half questioningly,

“No, he has been dead for years,” the Doctor replied, to the lady first.

“You ask no more, sir, than I should be happy to tell you freely, and at once,” he continued, addressing the merchant, “were I certain on that point myself. Daryl, only, can decide that, when he shall have seen what I hope to show him to-morrow; and it is because of the bare possibility of my latest discovery not turning out to be quite all that I am at least morally sanguine it must be, that I do not at once inform him and you of its apparent nature. Were I as positive about any earthly thing now, as I was about everything in the whole universe a few months ago, you would not find me figuring thus in what I know must appear like a bit of mawkish theatrical mystification.”

“Don’t discredit yourself in that shockingly prosaic way, Doctor Hedland,” remarked Mrs. Effingham, lightly. “A little romantic mystery was the one thing needed to make our adventure in this most picturesque of villages poetically perfect. Keep the charm unbroken for us while you can.”

The mother might feel herself thus luxuriously satisfied with the immediate situation of affairs, but it was not so with the daughter. If Abretta’s wholesome, elastic young nature could never again be as completely subjective to parental dictation of sentiment and feeling as before, it had bravely thrown off the depression consequent upon its first experience of independent action; and the offended surprise with which the girl beheld the so early reappearance of Colonel Daryl in her particular world, had no morbid quality of romantic injury about it. She was indignant that this uncongenial, overbearing Englishman, who had repaid all their spontaneous and generous courtesy to his nephew and himself with a coldly calculating invidiousness of interpretation almost insulting, should presume, in this abrupt way, to renew the association with her family, even though unforeseen chance compelled them temporarily to be neighbors. His unruffled manner of greeting them all, this afternoon, as though his peculiar farewell to her invincibly amiable mother had never taken place, appeared to Abretta the last extreme of arrogant British assumption, and his special condescension to herself made her every nerve tingle with silent resentment.

The Colonel easily read this feeling in the sparkling and dilated black eyes, the lofty carriage, and constrained taciturnity of his beautiful usurped charge, and was provokingly tranquil in a pretence of deferring indulgently to what might be construed as merely a passing mood of youthful caprice. His own deep-set greyish-blue eyes twinkled slightly with occasional covert amusement at her studiously monosyllabic replies to his casual remarks and explanations while the walk to and through the village was in progress; yet, after all, the reigning expression of his countenance was kind, and even singularly gentle. Like his old friend, he seemed to be exceptionally subdued and brightly genialized by some gracious local spell.

“Doctor Hedland shows no sign yet of inviting you and me to share the confidences of his select little party,” the Colonel remarked, with a glance towards the group, some twenty feet distant, a portion of whose conversation has been quoted.

Without seeming purpose he had commended his captive to a chair rather out of speaking reach of her kindred and his friend, though in line with them near the verge of the veranda; and stood beside it, leaning backward against the bamboo railing, in an attitude of easy colloquial accommodation. She had acknowledged his last observation by a momentary wistful look in the direction indicated and the slightest perceptible nod of resigned assent—and he went on:

“You have understood, I presume, Miss Effingham, that I am here upon the sudden call of my oldest living friend, who, without a dream of seeking it, has recovered—or so believes, at least,—our lost clue to the fate of the man who so long ago robbed my nephew and myself of our birthright?”

His eyes were upon her intently when he mentioned his nephew; and her own met them at the name with a calm clearness of expression that would have been the perfection of indifference but for the accompanying effortful defiance of delicately pulsing nostrils and constrained lips.

“Yes, Colonel Daryl,” were her words of reply to his implied question; although but the vaguest idea of the Doctor’s reason for having such company to meet her parents and herself had hitherto found apprehension in her fluttered thoughts.

“I came in great haste from Singapore; only two days later than the Doctor himself; and, being pressed

for time, did not go ashore at Kuchin. Otherwise you would have had warning of my presence here;" and he smiled as he said it. "All the nicer formalities of etiquette, however, must often be foregone in this rude part of the world, or I might feel it obligatory upon myself to apologize for circumstances imposing so much of my society upon a young lady whose favorable regard I seem, unfortunately, to have forfeited."

This would have been cruel, from a man of his years to such a childlike creature, but for the tone of almost fatherly remonstrance in which it was spoken.

"Please do not be critical with my want of tact," said poor Abretta, nearly breaking down at the unexpected challenge to defend her attitude of patriotic—was that it?—hostility. "Mamma astonishes me by the way in which she seems to take it for granted that you wish to talk with nobody but myself! Please do not allow me to detain you another moment. With such a wonderful scene as this to look upon, I require no attention whatever, sir, I assure you."

Between embarrassment at what she felt to be a kind of persecution inexplicably condoned by her own mother, and a sense of humiliation in being compelled thus to deprecate criticism of her ungraciousness to a gentleman of the Colonel's age and dignity, the innocent girl realized that she had not the worldly experience, yet, to play a haughty part with success.

"My dear Miss Effingham," the Colonel retorted, gravely earnest, though without apparent cognizance of her temporary agitation, "if I lacked the good taste to appreciate you for your own sake, the fact that you are daughter to a lady whom I respect and admire beyond expression, would make it an honor and a pleasure for me to render you any attention in my power."

"Mamma is good to everybody."—A safe filial truism, and nothing more.

"And would never be otherwise. Her unmeasured kindness to my orphan boy; he coming to her as a passing stranger; the peculiarly delicate consideration shown for his youthful freedom and inexperience by every one in your Borneo home, Miss Effingham has made me, no less than my nephew, a grateful debtor for life. Edwin should be in Kuchin this very night. His ship had reached Singapore, from Chinese waters, before I came away, and was to cruise as far as Sarawak immediately. I could almost regret that he is not here with us."

Edwin's Uncle was skating on very thin ice in this kind of talk; and to what end he did not, perhaps, realize, himself.

"Will Doctor Hedland's discovery be of any value to Mr. Belmore?" asked Abretta, boldly meeting the unwary turn of the subject, and giving it a generally practical direction.

"So far as the Doctor has chosen to impart the extent of that discovery to me, I infer that it will only carry our desultory search for footprints of the Sambas fugitive one stage further on. It is not Doctor Hedland's natural manner to practice mystification in anything; and from his seeming resort to it with myself, in refusing to be more explicit as to what he thinks he has found out, until I shall have made to-morrow's excursion with him, I suspect that he is far from confident of its ultimate tendency to any practical result. He has certainly ascertained that poor, mad Ruadh went from Sambas up the Simpang-Kira river, skirting around the southeastern boundary of this province of Sarawak, to the Sadong and Simunjon country north-east from here. The circumstantial evidence on this point, though curiously obtained, appears to be suffi-

cient. But I fancy that my friend now has a theory of Ruadh's presence in Sarawak itself at some period of his wretched wanderings—possibly in the very mountain cave whither we are to go to-morrow—and hopes that I may be able to recognize some justification of it in what imagined signs of past human habitation he may persuade me to join with him in detecting among the hills."

"Nothing more?" the girl asked; obviously disappointed, and, therefore, as obviously, taking a lively interest in the subject.

"What more could there be, my dear young lady? Nearly two-fifths of a century have passed away since the maniac from the Batavia hospital was traced to savage Sambas, and there totally disappeared. It is now discovered that he penetrated onward into the wilderness of the orang-outan and the wildest of the Dyaks. As he was seen to have an oilskin-wrapped object of some description, when he reached Sambas, openly dangling from his neck by a cord, it is not to be credited that he could carry that object—presumably his grandfather's missing papers—even so far as his unknown grave. Somewhere in the trackless wilderness of Borneo these papers and the hapless wretch who stole them must be buried eternally out of all human sight. Doctor Hedland's recovery of the trail beyond Sambas, even though he may have traced it to this very village, enlists my interest at this time merely because it is my duty to Edwin Belmore, as well as to myself and my family name, to miss no accessible proof of Ruadh's certain refuge and death in this island. If we can prove the death itself, with any kind of legal identification, our case in chancery may be brought to a conclusion—for, or against, us. Such is the poor sum, Miss Effingham, of my nephew's hereditary prospects, and mine."

The Colonel's unreserved admittance of her to his confidence, in this way, made Abretta forget that she had been so lately principled to keep him at a very chilling distance. When, therefore, Berner presently summoned the whole party from their twilight lingering on the veranda, to dinner by candle-light in the larger of the two cottages, she was as deep in conversation with her recent ideal of presumptuous English arrogance, as were her parents and Cousin Sadie with the regenerated naturalist; and, it having been agreed that one table should serve for all during the short visit, the ensuing quaintly appointed and varied meal ushered in the evening most enjoyably for everybody.

Night's curtain descended upon the village in the air while this gustatory diversion was in progress. From a domestic interior of primitive, barnlike simplicity; fantastically incongruous with the desperately extemporized banquetting-board and its company; the thin, pale light of tapers brought from Kuchin defined, spectrally, on the darkened outer atmosphere, the sagging doorway and the opened flap of the palm-leaved roof. On either side of the partitions across the veranda gathered swarms of villagers for a while; to peer and wonder as sharply as they dared, and hold themselves in readiness to disperse, instantly, should their at present invisible Orang-Kaya appear, to rebuke such covert transgression of their pledge of abstinence from that vicinity.

Pa Jenna did, indeed, mysteriously disappear from his place and function of immediate magistracy very soon after dusk, and in such seeming haste that no one was deputed by him to restrict the freaks of popular curiosity in his absence. It was hinted privately amongst certain elders of the community, that a run-

ner, secretly dispatched by him, some days before, to Patusen, had come back; and that, soon after this arrival, the Orang-Kaya summoned four favorite followers and hurriedly descended the ladders with them, as though bent upon an urgent mission. None, however, believed that he would be long away.

It was past midnight, and a starless gloom enveloped river, hillside, and now wholly darkened and sleeping village, when the phantom of a very light canoe, noiselessly paddled by two ghostly shapes, came stealthily to the village landing, from the direction of Songi. Softly laying aside his paddle, and as cautiously lifting a long, spear-like weapon from the bottom of the boat, the foremost human shade placed two fingers across his lips and produced a peculiar, wailing cry, like that of the bird of omen known as the Kushah. Listening intently thereafter, and hearing no response, he seemed to hesitate for a brief interval, and gaze questioningly into the darkness above. Then the cry was repeated over his head; whereupon, lifting another object from the bottom of the canoe, and placing it under his arm, he waved a sign with his spear-like sumpitan for his speechless companion to follow ashore; and, in another moment, the two were swiftly and silently climbing the ladders up the steep bank.

At the summit of this preliminary ascent, where the greenly matted ground was nearly flat, for a short space, before the densely-wooded acclivity of the village began, four other shadowy beings abruptly fell, without warning word or slightest sound, upon the dim pair, and held them pinioned and helpless in the suddenly kindled yellow light of a large lamp of clay borne by a fifth captor.

"Your life is at the point of my kris, Sejulah," said the light-bearer, in a concentrated though low voice, advancing his lamp nearer to the frightened face of the captive with the sumpitan and the object under an arm.

"Who has betrayed me?" quavered the disgraced Dyak; his eyes glaring with the wild openness of brute fear, and his tremulous limbs making no resistance when Pa Jenna's associates quietly took from him his weapon, and a seeming bamboo case about fourteen inches long.

"It is enough for you to know, wretched youth, that I have heard of your visit to Patusen," said the Orang-Kaya, sternly.—"But who is this with you?" he added, moving the glaring lamp towards the cringing second prisoner.

"Only a boy, who knows nothing of my purpose," responded Sejulah; and he continued, with more firmness of tone:—"Whatever you may do with me, Pa Jenna, remember that I have meant no harm to you. Tuan Hedland has put a disgrace upon me forever, and I meant to tell Makota that Amina had fled to Tuan's house."

"Amina fled to me, fool! and is now with my sister, at Kuchin," rejoined Pa Jenna, glowering angrily upon the traitor.

"Take the boy back to the canoe, and let him return whence he came," was his order, after a brief pause. Two of the Dyaks promptly disappeared down the side of the bluff with the lesser captive; and the Orang-Kaya, handing his lamp to one of the remaining twain, took in exchange the bamboo case before mentioned. From the interior of the latter, with a readiness of movement showing that the use of such an object was not unfamiliar to him, he drew forth a polished spear-head, and held it, fitfully glittering, near the twitching face of Sejulah.

"I had expected this, too!" he muttered, with suppressed fury, "and it shall go to him who will know best how to pay for it."

Expecting instant death, Sejulah bowed his head in despairing nervelessness.

"Stand away from him!" commanded the fierce barbarian chief.

His two followers released the baffled captive, with the same noiseless obedience as before.

"You are the son of my father's brother, Sejulah," said Pa Jenna, slowly; "and as your crime is known to me before it has gone beyond yourself, I give you your miserable life. Go, unworthy Illanaon! but dare not return to the village. Escape into the mountains while night yet hides your form, and beware that you are further than Gunong Tubbang before Tuan Hedland goes there to-morrow, for I shall tell him of what you would have done. Never show your face again in the village, or upon the river, if you would not have your head hanging in the head-house.

"Give him his sumpitan," he concluded, with a gesture towards the custodian of that weapon.

The recreant Dyak prostrated himself at his kinsman's feet, in token of tribal submission to the sentence pronounced; then hurriedly grasped the mercifully conceded means of self-defence, and darted out of the flickering circle of lamp-light into the outer, trackless darkness. His flying footsteps gave back no sound; but the remaining figures stood motionless until sufficient time had elapsed for his withdrawal beyond possible sight or hearing.

Pa Jenna turned his eyes from the spear-head, at last, to the watchful face of the bearer of the lamp, and that shadowy mute extinguished the light.

"Follow me."

At the water's edge the three silhouetted mystics of the disembodied gloom were rejoined by their two fellows; and the five human outlines of the all-indistinct picture of starless night in the wilderness were presently dim half-figures on a dimmer canoe, in swift and silent flitting towards the lower point of the stream, where lay moored the prahu from Kuchin.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CAVE GIVES UP ITS SECRET.

IN the morning, after a breakfast of fried fish, seabiscuit, coffee and fruit: to which the ladies came with an air of not yet being the more at home in their novel place of sojourn from having spent the night amid surroundings as unluxurious as those of strolling players in a rural granary; Dr. Hedland and the Colonel conducted the others, across a bridge, from the veranda behind the village to the receding hill-top beyond. A brief experience of such clambering amongst tenacious rank vegetation as the gentlest explorers of foreign heights must occasionally essay, brought the party to a sunny little expanse of table-land, where the object of attraction was a great vine, running in the most graceful undulations over and between shrubs and tree-stumps, for a distance of several yards, and bearing at short intervals exquisitely proportioned natural vases, of vivid green daintily mottled with red.

"Bretta, my dear, a pitcher-plant!" exclaimed Miss Ankeroo, clasping her hands in an ecstasy of botanical delight.

A chorus of wondering admiration followed, as the family gave minuter attention to this marvel of the Equatorial vegetable kingdom, never seen by them before. Its pitchers, nearly a foot deep, were largest at the base, and then symmetrically narrowed before

flaring at the top into two leafy wings, or ears; between which an elastic, green lid came down upon a delicately annulated brim. In each there was a quantity of water, not looking exactly potable.

"This is very different from our pitcher-plants in Virginia and Florida," observed Mr. Effingham.

"And handsomer than the specimens I have seen growing in Ceylon; although there is a red variety, there, of uncommon beauty," said Colonel Daryl.

"Your American pitcher-plants," returned the naturalist, to the merchant, "are of the genus *Sarracenia*, and, excepting, perhaps, a variety lately found in California, will not compare in extent and splendor with our East Indian *nepenthes* family. The Australian water-plant's pitchers, curiously elaborate in details, are not more than a quarter the size of these before us. Botanists will tell you that plants of this species can thrive only in bogs and swamps; yet here you see one flourishing on a hilltop, and I have found the *nepenthes* on every mountain known to me in Borneo, from the thirteen thousand feet altitude of Mount Keeni Baloo, above Bruni, to Santobong and the heights around us here."

"There appear to be dead insects in the water of some of these pitchers," said Mrs. Effingham.

"Drowned there, madame, as they might have been in a tumbler of the same fluid," explained the Doctor.

"And there you see a basis of many of the pleasing fables of science about insectivorous, or carnivorous, plants, which are supposed to set traps for unwary flying and creeping mites, and then assimilate them."

"But are those fables, sir?" inquired Miss Ankeroo, in a surprised tone.

"My own investigations have never brought me one positive proof of their truth," was the answer, in quite the old, dogmatic style of the speaker. "In the pitcher-shaped, or trumpet-shaped, *ascidia* of the *Sarraceniaceæ*, or the *nepenthes*, dead insects are discovered, as you see them here; near the brims of some *Sarracenia* a secretion like honey is found; and whether attracted by the water, or the honey; be the pitcher lidded, as in the *nepenthes Rafflesiana* at our feet, or open, like the Venezuelan *Heliconia*; it is assumed that the deluded insects are artfully tempted in, or fatuously press their way in, and so furnish fleshy sustenance to the treacherous plant. Practically, the whole scientific deduction is from no stronger proof-positive than you now behold in the drowned flies of these pitchers here."

"Hedland, you talk very curiously, of late, about Science, for a scientist," remarked the Colonel, with a short laugh.

"I've suffered something, myself, I believe, for taking her to be infallible," responded the naturalist, with a queer glance at his friend. "Were I a controversial theologian, my first point against Scientific Materialism would be, that while it cants so glibly about the puerile folly of taking any account in reasoning of the 'Unknowable' and 'Unthinkable,' it assumes just as much of the arbitrarily inferential, and insists quite as much upon a blind faith in existences and processes never yet found practically demonstrable to unprejudiced thought, as the system of spiritual intuition that it chiefly combats. I know this much from my own experience, although never realizing it until within the last month."

To all but Colonel Daryl this speech sounded like one of the frequent irritable perversities of a man born a chronic Oppositionist; and even to the Colonel it had a sound of capricious extravagance beyond reasonable

warrant of what he privately knew of the speaker's later scientific disconcertion.

For the purpose of breaking the awkward silence ensuing, as the party turned to retrace their steps to the village, Mr. Effingham observed that the flattened summit they were leaving would afford an admirable retreat for the villagers, in case of a sudden warlike attack upon their homes below. The remark led to an interesting dissertation upon the customs of Dyak warfare by Hedland, who quickly regained his former unprofessional affability; and the little botanical excursion presently ended in a return to the cottages.

It was an hour past noon before the uneasy consciences of the two men destined for the apparently very selfish adventure of the Cave would allow them to desert their American friends. When the time of departure could no longer be judiciously delayed, not only Daryl and the Effinghams, but also a throng of observing villagers, were surprised to see Hedland lead the way, riverward, down the toilsome vertical ladders from the veranda, after his two appointed Dyak boatmen, instead of making the usual commodious descent through his own house.

"Is this special athletic exercise intended for the entertainment of the ladies?" queried the Colonel, as they touched ground at the foot of the colonnade of piles.

"The ladders are removed from my house until our return—which we must make as early as possible," the Doctor said, hurrying down the short flight to the water, where a light canoe with an awning awaited them. He evinced no disposition to be more explicit until the paddle-wielder at either elevated end of the boat had taken his signal to push off from the shore. Then—

"I have been rather troubled ever since we came back from botanizing, Daryl, by the discovery of two disappearances for which I can not at all account. In the first place, Pa Jenna, whom I had charged to keep the village upon its best behavior during the visit of our fair friends, and whose presence there in our absence was to be my chief reassurance in leaving the place this afternoon, has not been seen here since last night, when a runner that he had sent out to track a missing kinsman, is said to have brought him a message. In the second place—and this circumstance is far the stranger—Mr. Effingham's Bugis prahu is gone, without a sign, from her mooring down the river."

"That is, indeed, extraordinary," commented the veteran soldier, his countenance and inflection betraying surprise and some anxiety. "Does Mr. Effingham know it?"

"Not from me. I said nothing to him on the subject, because the Bugis rayah may merely have gone to an anchorage at Leda Tanah, from fear of the prahu's grounding at ebb tide. There was no time for me to ascertain whether that is so, or not."

"It must be so," said the Colonel, with an air of relief. "There is not much doubt that the boat will reappear at the right place tomorrow morning, when the family are ready for their return. Your thrifty Bugis is not likely to run away from a liberal paymaster."

"Probably you are right," assented the Doctor, nodding thoughtfully; "but I can't understand Pa Jenna's conduct. This is the first time in more than a year that he has absented himself from the village overnight without some notice to me. However, there can be no uninvited access to the place through my house, now, and we may be back there, ourselves, before dark."

"Uninvited access?" echoed Colonel Daryl, astounded. "Who on earth should attempt that sort of business here, in these days, Lawrence? I have supposed your village to be as free from every imaginable outside danger as any hamlet in the heart of England; now that the whole province seems so devotedly loyal to Brooke. From your tone of misgiving one might fancy that we are guilty of something much more serious than a breach of politeness, in leaving strangers alone on that monstrous perch, even for a few hours only."

"If Amina, the runaway Dyak wife of Makota, had remained in the village, I should have misgivings, indeed," responded the naturalist, his brow clearing; "the girl's flight, under a man's protection, was such a stinging dishonor for the savage Malay prince, that he might have been expected to adopt any treacherous or desperate means for her recapture, if she had finally harbored anywhere else than under the invincible Rajah's own wing at Kuchin. Possibly Pa Jenna's runner brought him word of some scheme on foot for the girl's abduction, even from Kuchin itself, and he may have felt compelled to go there on the instant."

"I am sorry that we did not delay this private expedition of ours until after the Americans were gone," muttered Daryl, shaking his head doubtfully.

"That is a reflection upon my chivalry, for which I shall expect an apology before the day is over," rejoined Hedland, with a jaunty air of fully recovered confidence. "You persist in regarding this same expedition, as you call it, Will, in the light of an undertaking to be shifted about from day to day, like a Thames punting frolic. Am I the kind of man to drag you summarily from your Singapore dress-parades into these lonely mountains, and leave my own invited guests so unceremoniously on the only afternoon of their visit, for the sake of a matter of no immediate moment?"

"I don't know," said his companion, stubbornly; "you have been such a paradoxical being to everybody since the time of Edwin's sickness at 'The Grove,' that I should not be surprised at any freak of yours now. We are old friends, and I may as well speak plainly."

"Well, I've only convinced your own sagacity of my farther solution of a mystery of possibly great importance to you, though you, yourself, had given it up as thoroughly hopeless; and now I am conducting you to make a personal test that, whether it justifies your pains, or not, must exhibit myself to you, conclusively, as something scarcely more dignified than an arrant charlatan of 'Science.'"

"And you reiterate this to me in the tone of a good joke!" Daryl exclaimed, staring as though doubtful of his own apprehension. "Have you established the Ape in this cave of yours as a fortune-teller; and do you experience rational misgivings as to my likelihood of being satisfactorily impressed with his occult power of assisting us to divine the fate of Ruadh? Upon my word, Larry, to those who do not know you as well as the Rajah and I—our American friends, for example—your changes of manner must seem like the vagaries of veritable mental disease!"

"Oshonsee might not be wholly impracticable as a solver of some mysteries," responded Doctor Hedland, taking his friend's fretfulness with aggravating composure. "As for the variations of mood upon which you so graciously congratulate me—I should like to know by what standard of rational consistency that fine girl and her high-bred mother judge your latest very friendly assiduity for their entertainment, after such Macchiavellian diplomacy on your part, between

the family and young Belmore, of which they appear to have more than an inkling at 'The Grove'?"

"Your retort is both fair and unfair," said Colonel Daryl, discomfited for the moment by this unexpected *tu quoque*, Brute, of the philosopher. "It would be useless for me to deny, that I find it simply impossible to maintain any dignified consciousness of my own rights and wrongs in the society of a woman so subtly subduing as Mrs. Effingham. And I find, too, that her daughter has a certain ingenuous fascination for me. You are fair in charging that I show little consistency to these ladies; but you are also unfair, inasmuch as my ultimate discouragement of my nephew's partiality in that quarter, was especially precipitated by your own emphatically expressed opinion of a certain trait in the character of the head of the family."

"I said he was the proudest of men—as thorough an aristocrat as I ever met," confessed the naturalist, dragging a hand idly in the placid water. "Whatever in the expression was calculated to make you think that your sailor-boy's romantic nature stood in danger of contumely from any vulgar mercantile pride of purse, may be assigned to my temporary irritation at having been overwhelmingly talked out of a field of my own rash selection by the American. He maintained his republican dignity sorely at the expense of my British obstinacy. In fact, I have learned to like the man greatly; as I do the whole family; and, in my opinion, Daryl, it was much more the morbid assumption of your own pride than any justification in the visible character of your charming sister-in-law, or her husband, or her daughter, that prompted you to act as though a lacerating indignity was obviously imminent for another of the Daryls."

"That is plain speaking, in legitimate return for my own recent exercise of the same friendly privilege, and I shall not be hypercritical as to its justice," the Colonel said, smiling faintly. "I may congratulate you, at any rate, upon being no longer either so scientifically lofty above all ordinary mankind as when the American gentleman and I were first in your village, or so combatively humble as when your spasm of self-depreciation at 'The Grove' set all our teeth on edge."

"I deserve your irony, old fellow—not a doubt of it," rejoined Hedland, though with no very penitential change of aspect. "You have already heard me confess my sins of intellectual presumption. But my 'spasm of self-depreciation,' as you style it, was based upon a supreme wretchedness of feeling that might have excited the compassion of Miss Ankeroo herself! In taking his final vicious leave of me, my solitary Malay partisan in Borneo had practically knocked to pieces my whole elaborate theory of the origin of my immortalizing ape-Man; yet there was the incarnated enigma to mock me with the inexorable certainty of his dreadful human approximation, and subject me to the torture of perpetually recognizing a seeming accursed truth in Nature, that I had no longer a choice but to reveal in ignorant helplessness."

"I cannot adequately describe to you, Will Daryl, how pitifully humiliated I was, at being suddenly convinced that I must renounce my whole inductive theory of the foreign origin of Oshonsee—as explaining his structural difference from the Borneon mias;—nor what a reaction of miserable self-contempt and aversion to the unhallowed Man-Goblin seethed in my tormented moral nature, at the thought that I had merely blundered unintelligently upon a horrible hybrid; one that I could only introduce to the world as a living confutation of every sublime spiritual pretension of Man—of

his Divine special Fatherhood—without having more knowledge of the creature's true ethnologic relation than the vulgarst showman! Losing the mental intoxication of sanguine philosophical theory, I was yet forced to realize that the world held a frightful living Blasphemy, against the possibility of whose existence my natural mind, now freed from the self-delusions of intellectual arrogance, protested with every instinct of its own mysterious being. Can you wonder that I even made one attempt to murder the object of my spiritual abhorrence?

"And such was my mood, Daryl, when I went to Kuchin at your call. Before I left 'The Grove,' our noble friend, the Rajah, invited my confidence, and controverted my despairing obstinacy of self-defensive argument with every Christian principle. He believed that I exaggerated the human similitudes of a perhaps exceptional anthropoid ape, and persistently pressed upon me that I should doubt the evidence of my own limited senses, rather than proclaim what Man must lose his Father's God, his Redeemer, and his immortality of Soul, in believing. This construction I repelled by all the desperate resources of specious sophistry in which the despiritualized mind is made adroit by eternal hidden conflict with human nature's ineradicable moral instinct of innate self-respect. But it was all sophistry, only. I felt that, while I was hottest in it. Father Urban's famous thesis ran: *Quid sit Jesuita, nemo scit, nisi qui fuit ipse Jesuita*—no one knows what a Jesuit is, but he that has been a Jesuit. The disingenuities of scientific positivism are appreciated only by those who are familiar with the proportion of speculative deduction to absolute demonstration in advanced physical science."

The tenor of this frank confession was not more surprising to Daryl, than the air of calm, philosophical complacency with which it was delivered. He knew not what to expect next, and said, rather weakly:

"I never much believed, Hedland, that any supposed new discovery relative to the origin of our species was likely to make you permanently a spiritual heathen: though you might seem such for a while to those who assume that progressive Science and stationary Religion must necessarily be hostile to each other."

"As they always must!—That is, some of the most positive assumptions of what I may call modern scientific Materialism, are radically irreconcilable with every essential inculcation of Christian faith. Prove by indisputable physical demonstration that the Biblical history of man's special creation is but a fiction devised by man's egotism, and that will be the end of the whole Mosaic and Christian religion. Could I have sustained my theory of an ape-grown Man, the God that you and I have known would be lost to us forever. All definite conception of personal Deity must then, perforce, have fallen back to human nature's mere innate spiritual consciousness of a something remotely Supernatural, to account for the creation of Nature in bulk; and from this retrogression to primitive superstitious vagueness of instinctive recognition, a wholly new religious—and perhaps moral—system must have been evolved, for the re-civilization of thinking mankind."

"And during the interval, I suppose, the world would have fallen into spiritual and moral chaos," said the Colonel.

"Inevitably. It would have been a period of brutalized anarchy, between the loss of one God and the finding of Another," returned the Doctor, with earnestness. "There is no real honesty in a pretension that the theories of Science, or the speculations of Philosophy,

tending to this consummation, are reconcilable with anything either historical, or spiritual—and I might add, or even moral—in the Scriptural constitution of revealed Religion. A strictly honest reasoner in the battle must be either a Fichte, or a Schleiermacher; either in effect an atheist, or an uncompromising champion of thorough orthodoxy. To be a Hegel, mystifying between the two, however speciously, is to act as the pendulum of a clock that is without hands."

"And am I to infer from all this, Lawrence, that you finally accept your phenomenal ape as the mere exceptional freak of nature your friends have, all along, believed him to be?" asked the Colonel, wondering more and more.

The Doctor smiled significantly: "That is a question you may answer for yourself—before we leave the cave."

"I don't understand you," rejoined his friend, with emphasis and some impatience. "If the animal had become simply a humiliating horror to you when you came to us so apologetically in Kuchin, what more amiable transformation have you found in him to make you such a later model of self-depreciatory good-humor?"

"I have a new theory."

"And that is—?"

"—What you are now about to see practically illustrated; for here we are at the foot of Gunong Tub-bang."

Their canoe had, indeed, touched the bank, near a point where a small tributary stream, called the Stabad, enters into the left branch of the Sarawak. Through an opening that had been lately cut in a dense thicket of growths of the banana family, coming almost to the water's edge, the naturalist conducted his friend to the base of a small mountain, about two hundred feet high, and conical in shape; so seemingly steep in its ascent that the trees and jungle upon it appeared to bristle towards the sharp peak in a kind of nervously timid rigidity. By pursuing a winding path, however, the two men scaled a good half of the sharp acclivity without excessive labor, and then found themselves at the mouth of a circular hole in the ground, down which led a bamboo ladder. The Dyak, Kalong, was in waiting for them there, with one of Hedland's fowling-pieces on his shoulder, and silently took the lead in the descent.

"The entrance, you see, only needs a trap-door, and the spell of 'Open, Sesame!' quite to realize Ali Baba's cavern in the Arabian Nights," remarked the Doctor, as they followed down the well-like aperture.—"Don't forget, now, Daryl, that our talk must be in French."

Thus reminded that the most philologically sensitive of orang-outans was to be encountered in the subterranean retreat, Colonel Daryl had a final sense of merely humoring some culminating visionary caprice in this whole stealthy adventure. Nevertheless, by coming, at all, without explicit understanding of the full wherefore, he had morally committed himself to a patient acceptance of whatever fantastical conceit might ensue, and would remain philosophically passive to any event. So thinking, and, in somewhat dreary expectation of scrambling from the foot of the ladder into an underground room relieved only by artificial illumination, he was agreeably surprised to find the short descent ending in a bracing atmosphere as clear as the average woodland twilight. Instinctively looking first for an explanation of this optical phenomenon, he saw that the whole farther end of the cave was open to the outer air; and, hurrying curiously thither, along a flooring of fine, light sand, and at last between snowy,

supporting stalactites, gazed down, as from a noble Gothic doorway, upon a descent so precipitous that only one sturdy Areca palm had been able to lift a top as high as the level on which he stood. Observing that the trunk of this tree, so far as visible, sustained one of those dizzy, elastic ladders of consecutive bamboos, rattanned to rising pegs driven into the bark, whereby the Dyak bee-hunter mounts to his honeyed harvest; that, below, at the foot of the declivity, a marshy wood stretched to the next hillside; and that the sky-sweep of the upper view was grandly extended,—he next turned his attention definitely inward.

The cave of Tubbang was about fifty, or sixty, feet long, and rather more than half as wide. Its lofty, arching roof, groined like that of a Gothic hall, sent down a colonnade of stalactites, as already noticed, where the rainy percolations of ages through the limestone above, had thus invertedly pillared a space reaching some distance back from the great outlet on the precipice. Midway to the entrance a large mound of caked earth and rocky fragments, rife with sunless vegetation, marked a heavy fall from the top of the cave that had occurred in times long past; and upon this massive heap, sloping from high up on a side, stood several mute Dyaks with clumsy wooden spades, apparently waiting for orders to resume a task of digging that was yet but little advanced.

While Daryl was inspecting these greater features of the place, his friend and Kalong approached, with the exiled ape following like an unrelated human shadow at their heels. The step of Oshonsee shuffled and dragged, as though inexpressibly wearied; his head drooped, his long arms swung listlessly; and his whole air was so spiritless that the Colonel's first remark referred to it.

"Yes," answered the naturalist, "the poor fellow has not been himself since I sent him here. The place depresses him. Kalong must take him back to the village to-morrow. But, look at him now, Daryl! Is he, indeed, nothing more than a brute?"

In the subdued light of the scene, with his head bowed, his attitude erect, and his costume of Chinese blouse and trousers, the creature looked mournfully manlike indeed:—so much so, that the the Colonel experienced an unpleasant, if not shrinking, sensation in looking at him.

"The illusion is uncomfortably strong, I must say, Hedland; but perhaps it would be less so in broader daylight. Why do you have him here, where every condition is so contrary to the arboreal habits of his species? He must feel like a bird in a vacuum."

"I had him brought here because he belongs to our story."

"Ah, I thought so!"

The Doctor smiled at his friend's disconsolate tone, and, after bidding Kalong to remain where he was, took the Colonel's arm and moved briskly towards the earth-heap.

"Must we climb this rubbish?" queried Daryl, desperately.

"Yes."

"Forward, then!—The mias seems to be following us."

"His instinct is finer than your reason."

"Thank you, Larry;—but I don't understand."

"You shall, presently."

A series of vigorous strides carried them to the summit of the triangular mound, where it appeared that much more lowering and levelling spade-work had been

performed than was apparent from the Colonel's earlier point of observation. Addressing them in their own tongue, the naturalist dismissed the Dyak spademen down to Kalong, for the time, and then pointed his companion to an object showing against the stretch of the cave's side, whence a large quantity of the fallen earth had recently been cleared away.

"Can you make out what that is? I discovered it in our first day's digging."

It was a heavy, oblong slab of greyish stone; much chipped and discolored at the edges; set into the dark surface like a mural tablet, and bearing on its face a rudely sculptured half-relief of some animal. Two or three feet lower down, portions of three roughly-hewn steps of the same kind of stone had been partly unearthed; indicating the existence of a whole flight beneath the remaining mound. Upon the topmost of these the mias crouched himself.

"Why, here is a prize for an archæologist!" exclaimed the amazed Colonel, tracing the outlines of the sculptured figure with an eager hand. "How, in the name of all the Seven Wonders, came such a thing here? A tomb, I suppose."

"No; an altar," said the Doctor; "and as old as the days of the Hindoos in Borneo. The figure is intended to represent the sacred Bull, symbol of the god Siva; called Nandikésvara: the animal ridden by Siva, and sent into the world as his avatar when he was informed that men's worship of him was declining. I infer that this altar belongs to the close of the Hindoo period in this island, when the Mahometan conquerors were beginning to persecute the religion it represents. Perhaps this cave was a secret temple."

"You are confident, then, that the Hindoos once held sway here?"

"No thoughtful scholar who is familiar with the traditions yet preserved among the older Dyaks could be otherwise. This stone, alone, is enough to prove the assumption incontestably. Before the ascendancy of the mongrel Malay, this poor Borneo had splendid princely courts at Bruni, Sambas and Pontianak."

"And this tablet and these steps were a secret altar to Siva, you think," resumed the Colonel, musingly; the subject interesting him the more because he had anticipated nothing so tangibly practical. "Have you any idea how long this fallen earth has covered the spot?"

"Not more than twenty years, perhaps," answered the naturalist. "But now," he added, drawing nearer to Daryl, and passing a hand kindly over the brow of the mias, "you ask a question leading straightway to your own concern in the mysteries of this cave. Is the vagrant priest's story, as I repeated it to you in Singapore, yet fresh in your mind?"

"In every detail," answered Colonel Daryl, turning to him, quickly.

"Then follow closely what I have now to say. Ruadh O'Shawnessy and his Panam wife were seen in the Simunjon forests, after their Dyak marriage, and cruel chaining-together, and transportation, as evil 'Antus,' to the mountains west of Simpang-Kira river. When last observed in the mias country, they were accompanied by a younger creature of their own species, and the maniac had yet the 'charm' suspended from his neck. The legend runs, that the Simunjon mias worshiped the chained pair as 'Antus'; from which I conclude that the unfortunate creatures made amicable company with the orang-outans. It can only be conjectured how long the Simunjon period lasted; but I should put it at somewhere about ten years, and for

this reason:—Aided by the tribal authority of Pa Jenna, I have persuaded an old Dyak of my village, who was formerly at Leda Tanah, to confide to me what he has known and heard of the—to him—supernatural history of the Cave we are in. Applying common sense to the crude mystical delusions of his story, I infer not only that Simunjon miases were seen in the Sariwak valley a quarter of a century ago, but also that your wretched Ruadh, and his hapless, brutalized family, had by that time discovered and taken shelter in this cave."

Colonel Daryl stared around the shadowy scene as though expecting to behold some startling proof of the theory.

"This is about the substance of the legend," pursued Doctor Hedland, quietly, "and you may see that it goes back a number of years farther than Medlani's narrative of the 'Antus' here: More than twenty years ago an 'Antu' Queen and her infant daughter were in this cave; and miases appeared in the woods round about for the purpose of doing homage. A reckless young fellow of the since-destroyed village of Leda Tanah drank enough 'tuak' at a festival, one day, to volunteer an exploration of the fairy miases' mountain home. Enter the cave he did, indeed; and came back, abjectly terrified, with a story that he had not only seen the Antu Queen and her daughter, but also two fearful familiar spirits, lying on a bed of stone with stone pillows—undoubtedly these steps before us, with their curbings which are yet to be excavated—and having a chain between their waists."*

The Colonel started, and again stared expectantly about him.

"Nothing was seen or heard again of these attendant familiars of the chain, nor of the queen herself, after the fall of this mass of earth on which we are standing—supposed to have been produced by Jovata's wrath. As, however, the miases yet remained in the neighborhood, it was supposed that the little 'Antu' princess yet lived in the cave."

"But the two chained wretches—?" exclaimed Daryl, showing much excitement.

"I believe that they lie buried at this moment beneath our feet."

Colonel Daryl stepped involuntarily back a pace, like one who had trodden unwittingly upon a serpent.

"You mean," he said, catching his breath, "that we are standing upon the grave of Ruadh! This is magic, Hedland; yet can it be so? What absolute certainty is there, after all, that the Sambas story of the chain is not a superstitious invention? Remember Makota's fabrications to you about this infernal ape here, because he fancied that you expected an unusual tale! Are we not both being fooled by a characteristic Oriental trick of politic lying?"

"After a moment I shall submit a decisive test to your own trial. Let us suppose, at any rate, that Ruadh did find and inhabit this cave. There are plenty of well-attested instances to prove that a madman can survive enough hardship and exposure to kill half a dozen robustious sane men. And there is this, also, about the insane—they sometimes appear to regain their reason, or its semblance, at the approach of death. Now assume that Ruadh, by a never wholly extinguished instinct of human nature, dragged himself and his wife and child to this final shelter, because here are walls, and roof, and some human associations of permanent safety. He may even have fled hither to

escape the miases, though they appear to have pursued. One might fancy a certain dawning of reason in this very movement. One might also fancy, that, when near his end, the poor outcast victim of savage superstition may have been impelled, by a final reasoning impulse, to take some desperate measure for the future safe concealment of the treasure he had so long kept hanging upon his breast."

"Hedland! Hedland! you are the boldest of theorizers!" muttered Daryl, in a bewildering conflict of credulity and doubt.

Without more ado the naturalist grasped one of the heavy Dyak spades left sticking in the truncated mound, and advanced so sharply to the edge of the begrimed stone step on which huddled the ape, that the latter cowered away from him with a pitiful, low cry. Up to this moment Doctor Hedland had remained perfectly calm and deliberate. Now, however, his manner became nervously excited, and he drove the blade of his rude implement into a gritty crevice of the wall, at one end of the sculptured tablet, with a hasty force indicating a passionate sense of some crisis with which there should be not another moment's temporization. Before his equally stirred companion could form any idea of his purpose he had thrown his broad chest against the improvised lever, and so effectively pried the carved stone from its support that it fell heavily upon the sodden earth at his feet, revealing a square aperture of stone that it had concealed.

"There!" he ejaculated, pantingly. "This time I have brought it down altogether. I moved it only half-way when I was at it before. Originally it must have swung on bronze pivots. A device for some kind of priestly concealment, I take it. * * * Something is inside, Will Daryl. I have felt it with my hand; suspected—*know*—what it must be; but I would not bring it out until you could be here. * * * Well, why don't *you* bring it out, man? * * * If I *should* be mistaken—!"

Moving like a somnambulist, the iron-nerved soldier mechanically thrust an arm into the opening in the wall, and, with an inarticulate exclamation, drew forth an object of cylindrical shape; perhaps a foot long and not quite half as wide: black as charcoal, apparently, and dangling at either end a bit of coarse, tarred string.

"Quick! Tear it—cut it—open!" fumed the Doctor, hovering around his now thoroughly dazed friend like a wizard chafing over a dilatory incantation.

Every eager effort to rip away the matted envelope of the strange prize proving futile for his strong, though not quite steady, fingers, the sorely fluttering Colonel finally applied a knife to the task; and, by several reckless slashes at hazard through thickness upon thickness of re-integrated oilskin, brought to view, in the dusky light, a roll of papers. One glimpse, at the start of their unrolling, was enough—

"Well, you snail! *is it?*" cried the naturalist, half-mad in his impatience.

"It is, indeed, the Fortune of the Daryls!" shouted the other; his voice breaking shrilly with excitement.

In the overwhelming emotion of the instant the electrified speaker had forgotten his French obligation and lapsed into English. At the sound, a hoarse, rasping scream, "O-shon-see! O-shon-see! O-shon-see!" seemed to break from the dim air immediately behind the two friends; and, simultaneously, the Dyaks at the foot of the mound uttered outcries at sight of the frenzied Ape flying down to and between them, in the direction of the opening on the precipice.

* In 1842, three years earlier than the period of our narrative, Rajah Brooke saw this cave, exactly as it is here described, and was told the legend of the fairy queen.

"Kalong!—stop him!" roared Hedland, plunging from the mound with a youth's agility, and bounding as swiftly in pursuit of the fugitive as the swiftest of the Dyaks.

On the very verge of the great doorway in the air they overtook the frantic creature, and a brief, desperate struggle ensued, before the Doctor could drag him from his probably intended leap to the tree-top beyond the edge.

"Tuan! See! Sejulah!" cried Kalong, pointing down the jungled steep.

A Dyak with a long weapon clasped in his left hand could be seen, for a moment, darting from the foot of the laddered palm, and then sliding swiftly down the declivity, as only Dyaks know how to do.

"Sejulah, eh?—and with a sumpitan!" muttered the Doctor.

Daryl had now joined the group, grasping his yet but half-credited prize and looking wan with the tempest of sensations he was still undergoing.

"So, your freakish Caliban," he began, with an attempt at rallying, "continues to be of more importance to you than—But, look! What ails him now?"

The question was scarcely uttered before a visible shudder passed over the frame of the Ape, and, with an awfully human, gasping cry, the creature dropped like a log upon the sanded floor. His startling face, and then his whole body, were convulsed, as the quickly kneeling Doctor lifted the poor head from the dust; and only Kalong seemed to have inspiration for the mystery's immediate solution. The Dyak summarily tore away the blouse from the animal's hairy chest, and, after a swift, comprehensive glance, pointed to a spot near the heart.

"A jowing, Tuan Hedland, from Sejulah's sumpitan," he said.

Hedland, his ruddy face turned a bluish white, reached a hand to the spot indicated, and, after slight manipulation, drew forth a small, pointed piece of bone.

"See!" added Kalong, holding up what looked like the shaft of a toy arrow, that he had found on the floor.

"A sumpitan arrow*," groaned the Doctor; "and the wretch intended it for me!"

"For you?" murmured his friend.

"Yes. I have been warned of Sejulah's enmity. He lurked in yonder tree-top, to kill me when I should appear at this opening of the cave, and the poisoned dart designed for my breast has slain this poor fellow."

The Ape gasped once more, as in confirmation of his master's despairing judgment; a fearful convulsion racked every muscle and nerve; and then the upas-dipped, brittle bone of the sting-ray had done its speedy work, and Oshonsee was dead.

With colorless lips twitching uncontrollably, the naturalist knelt speechlessly at first, as though incredulous of the tragic event. Retaining yet the splinter of bone drawn from the shallow wound, he finally held it near to his glasses, and said, slowly, and in a forced voice:

"A barbed bone of the sting-ray. It was with the envenomed spine of such a fish: genus *Raia*, order *Chondropterygia*; that Telegonus, the son of Ulysses by Circe, is said to have slain his father on the coast of

* The Dyak sumpitan is a weapon of hard wood, like a spear in appearance and having a lance-head fastened on it like a bayonet. It is bored for a small dart, generally made of the thorn of the Sago palm and poisoned at the point, or jowing, with the deadly sap of the Upas. A puff of the lips will send this dart forty yards, and the point breaks in the wound.

Ithaca. Makota's devilish hand shows in this again: who else would have taught the dolt, Sejulah, to use such a jowing for his dart-tip? The upas-juice is white yet, and has been drawn lately from the trees near Bruni; it does not darken even now. A scratch by a pin dipped in such dew of hell would kill the strongest man before—"

Not finishing the sentence, save by such a sigh as interrupts the rambling soliloquy of fever, he softly lowered the head of Oshonsee from his knee to the ground, and spread his handkerchief over the face:

"He is gone! Faithful, cruelly ill-fated being, he is gone!" Then rising to his feet, but gazing downward yet—"It only remains for me to give him the grave from which he has saved his unworthy master. Yet better so for him—oh, infinitely better so!"

Colonel Daryl's own state of mind remained too much discomposed by the marvels going before, to be immediately capable of appreciating all the meaning of the present anomalous scene; but something like dismay entered into the feeling of surprise with which he observed actual tears on his friend's working face.

"I am truly sorry, Lawrence," he said, "that your wonderful solution of my fortunes could not have been accomplished without the sacrifice of an animal so extraordinarily endeared to you."

They were a strange group in a strange place, with the mellow haze streaming in upon them from a declining sun, through the Gothic doorway in the air: Heart-stricken philosopher and spell-bound soldier standing at the head and the feet of the prostrate figure; yellow-faced Dyaks, fantastically apparelled, in an irregular circle around them; and the glittering stalactites colonnading all as in some cabalistic temple.

"William Daryl, are you yet blind to what this creature—was?" asked the Doctor, speaking as solemnly as a priest over the dead. "Have you felt no suspicions of the truth, in being bidden here by me to find me proved a vainglorious scientific charlatan; and hearing me confess to a new theory in place of the one I had so much vaunted as impregnable?"

"I pretend to no scientific knowledge, Lawrence. What *could* the poor satyrus have been, but what he seemed?"

"Satyrus?—Yes! and more! Recall what you have heard of this cave's occupants. Twenty years ago the falling earth from the roof entombed all but the young 'Antu' princess of the miasms. Ten years later the rebellion of Siniawin drove the miasms from the Sarawak valley, and they have never been seen here since. But they did not take their princess 'Antu' with them; for, at a later period, Sejulah killed her, for her head, near the cave's entrance, and Makota's followers subsequently captured this unhappy one at our feet, in the same place."

The Colonel's attentive face revealed but indefinite apprehension, yet, of what might be coming.

"More than once my theory of Ape evolving by consecutiveness of species into Man has been met by the suggestion that it could be made to prove as well the converse of the proposition—Man's degeneracy into Simia. I dismissed that idea as Unthinkable! My friend, it is the converse of my proposition that has been, indeed, demonstrated to us at last!"

"What horrible conceit is this, again?" exclaimed Daryl, drawing instinctively back from the feet of the dead.

"Think, man! Think!—The strong mental impressions of one generation become the physical instincts of another. Your Ruadh's last intimations of reason

were ungovernable terror of everything, in sight or sound, associative with England; a desperate clinging to the precious subject hung from his neck; an inextinguishable devotion to his master. Do you recall how Oshonsee went into paroxysms of fright at your sword, at a red-coat, and—alas for to-day!—at your English speech? Have I told you how I found him hiding scraps of written paper in his bed, and how, after my discovery, he would rest only at my feet at night? His facility in learning to drink arrack, and to smoke—his attack upon Dodge—do you not recognize the nationality of these traits? And then poor Ruadh's habit of reiterating his own name when greatly agitated—as

though to imply, possibly, a fidelity identified with it hereditarily;—what else than an articulate survival of this was 'O-shon-see! O-shon-see! O-shon-see'?"

"By all that is unnatural, Hedland!" cried his friend, aghast, "do you actually mean to assert that—"

"—There was Once a Man in the genealogy of Oshonsee!" broke in the scientist, vehemently;—"There was once a man; and as surely as that you and I stand here, William Daryl, the creature now dead at our feet is a descendant, in the third generation, from him whose dying hand last held the fateful papers you have this day regained!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MUSICAL REMINISCENCE.

BY ELISE J. ALLEN.

WHEN Chopin reached Paris in 1842 he occupied apartments in a large building with a spacious court called the Cité d'Orléans, lying back of the Rue de Province, in the *beau quartier*. It certainly had a very distinguished appearance, and this in Paris is the main point.

In his narrative, from which this account is derived, W. Von Lenz describes his acquaintance with Liszt—then at the height of his fame—and how as he was obliged to leave Paris before Chopin's arrival, he gave our author his card with—

"Laissez passer.

"FRANZ LISZT,"

written upon it.

"Present this," said he, "at Chopin's. Go at about two o'clock to the Cité d'Orléans, where he lives; there also live The Sand, Viardot, and Danton (the celebrated caricaturist who represented Liszt as a quadramana at the piano). In the evenings this company collects in the drawing-rooms of a Spanish countess, a political refugee. Perhaps Chopin and you will go there. Do not, however, ask Chopin himself. Present yourself to The Sand. Chopin is shy."

Arrived at Chopin's residence I presented to the servant in the ante-room the card of introduction which I had received from Liszt. "Monsieur Chopin is not in Paris," said the servant. I would not allow myself to be guilty of a blunder, and replied, "It is for you to deliver the card; the rest is my affair." A very few moments afterwards Chopin, holding the card in his hand, entered and approached me. He was a young man of medium stature, slender, with a languid but expressive countenance, and a very elegant, Parisian figure. I have never met a being naturally so elegant and winning. Chopin did not urge me to be seated; I stood as before a ruling lord.

"What is it that you wish? Are you a pupil of Liszt? An artist?"

"A friend of Liszt. I wish to have the good fortune to learn with you your mazourkas, which I regard as a literature. I have already played a few with Liszt." I felt that I had been injudicious, but it was too late.

"Ah!" began Chopin, in a constrained but amiable tone, "why then do you need me? Pray play for me what you played with Liszt. I have still a few moments;" he drew from his pocket a small, elegant watch. "I

was just about to go out, and had given orders that no visitors should be admitted. You will pardon me." Now, as thirteen years before, I felt myself in a most painful situation. Another examination! But after the Liszt ordeal I needed to fear nothing more. Without hesitation, therefore, I went to the piano and opened it as if I were at home. It was a Pleyel; I had been told that Chopin used no other piano. Of all the Paris manufacturers, the Pleyels were the easiest of action. I gave a single cord, before I seated myself, in order to learn the *gué*, as I expressed it. The action and the word appeared to please Chopin, he smiled, leaned against the piano, as if fatigued, and with his shrewd eyes looked straight into my face. I ventured to cast only a glance at him, and courageously dashed into the typical B-major mazourka, to which Liszt had made annotations for me. I got through it well, and the *volata* through two octaves went as never before; the instrument was even easier than my Evard. Chopin obligingly whispered: "The touch is not yours, is it? He has shown you that. He must lay his hand on every thing. Well, he may be allowed to do so; he plays before thousands, I seldom before one. You have done well. I will give you lessons, but only two a week. That is my highest number; it is difficult for me to find three-quarters of an hour." He looked again at his watch. "What do you read? How do you chiefly employ your time?"

The first question was one on which I was well prepared. "I prefer Georges Sand and Jean Jacques to all other authors," I too rashly replied. He smiled; in this moment he was beautiful as a picture. "Liszt told you to say that; I see that you are initiated. So much the better. Only be punctual with me, everything goes by the clock; my house is a pigeon-house. I already see that we shall know each other more intimately. A recommendation from Liszt means something. You are the first pupil that he has recommended to me. Liszt and I are friends; we were comrades."

I always went to Chopin long before my hour and waited. One lady after another passed out, and each was more beautiful than the other. Mademoiselle Laure Duperré, daughter of Admiral Duperré, was the most beautiful; she had grown up like a palm. Chopin always accompanied her to the steps. At this time she

was his favorite pupil, and to her he dedicated two of his most important nocturnes (C-minor and F-sharp minor, op. 48.)

In the anteroom I often met the little Filtsch, then thirteen years of age. He was a native of Hungary, a genius, and died at a very early age. He knew how to play Chopin. At a *soirée* at the Countess d'Agoult's, Liszt said of Filtsch in my presence, "When the little fellow starts out upon concert tours I shall shut up shop." I was jealous of Filtsch. Chopin had eyes only for him. He was studying with Chopin the *Scherzo* in B-minor (op. 31). Chopin had roundly forbidden this piece to me, saying that it was too difficult for me (and he was right), but he allowed me to be present when he and Filtsch played, and thus I often heard this charming work perfectly performed. Filtsch also played the E-minor concerto; Chopin accompanied him on a second piano, and maintained that the little fellow could play the *concerto* better than he himself. This I did not believe; but such was Chopin!

Although Chopin was lacking in physical strength, yet his grace and elegance remained unattainable, and his embellishments were ever apotheoses of taste. It was only in earlier years that he had given concerts, and with the triumph of a conqueror had taken his place in Paris by the side of Liszt. Now he played only once a year, half-publicly, among a chosen circle of his pupils and disciples, and members of the most aristocratic society. The latter took tickets to his concerts and distributed them among their associates as Chopin related to me.

"Do you study on the day of your concert?" I asked him.

"O, that is a frightful time for me," he replied. "I do not like publicity, but it belongs to my position. For two weeks before the concert I lock myself in and play Bach. That is my preparation. I do not practice my own compositions."

Everything in the house was as Liszt had told me. Chopin took me with him to the apartments of the Spanish countess. At the door he said: "You must play something, but nothing of mine; play that affair by Weber, 'The Invitation.'"

When Chopin presented me to Georges Sand, that lady uttered not a word. That was ungracious. But for that very reason I seated myself beside her. Chopin flitted hither and thither like a frightend birdling in a cage. He saw that something was coming. Madame Viardot, the friend of Georges Sand, was leading the conversation. At the first pause made by this great singer, whom I was destined afterward to know in St. Petersburg, Chopin took me by the arm and led me to the piano. Reader, if you are a pianist, you can imagine what courage was needed by myself at this moment! The instrument was one of the Pleyel-uprights, which in Paris are supposed to be pianos. I played fragments of the "Invitation," Chopin extended his hand to me in the kindest manner, Georges Sand said not a word. I seated myself again beside her. I was evidently following out a definite purpose. Chopin was watching us anxiously across the table, on which burned the inexhaustible wax tapers.

"Shall you not sometime come to St. Petersburg, where you are so much read and so much revered?" I asked of Georges Sand in my most affable tone.

"I shall never degrade myself by entering a land of slaves!" curtly retorted Georges Sand.

"In the end you are right *not* to come," I answered in the same tone; "you might find the doors closed! I was thinking of the Emperor Nicholas."

Georges Sand looked at me astounded. I gazed down unterrified into her great, beautiful, cow-like eyes. Chopin appeared to be not dissatisfied, I knew the movements of his head.

Instead of answering me, Georges Sand arose and crossed the drawing-room to the glowing grate. I followed at her heels, and ready to open fire, seated myself for a third time at her side. She would be obliged finally to say something.

She drew from her apron-pocket an enormously thick cigar, and called into the *salon*, "Frederic, *un fidibus*!"

This offended me for him, my great lord and master; I understood in its full significance Liszt's exclamation, "Poor Frederic!"

Chopin came obediently but hesitatingly with a *fidibus*. Now, with the first horrible cloud of smoke, did Georges Sand deign to bestow a word upon me. "In St. Petersburg," she began, "I should not be allowed, perhaps, to smoke a cigar in a drawing-room."

"In *no* drawing-room, Madame, have I ever seen a cigar smoked," I answered, not without emphasis, with a bow.

Georges Sand looked at me sharply—the thrust had struck home! I composedly looked about me at the fine pictures in the drawing-room, each of which was illuminated with a peculiar lamp. Chopin had returned to his place beside the hostess at the table, and had probably heard nothing. "Poor Frederic!" How sorry I was for him, the great artist! The next day, Mr. Armand, my Swiss landlord, said to me: "A gentleman and lady have been here. You had not said that you would receive any one, and so I told them that you were not at home. The gentleman left his name. He had no card with him. I read: 'Chopin and Madame Georges Sand.' For two long months I unceasingly reproached Mr. Armand; but such were the Parisians; it is to be known beforehand, if visits are to be received, for sometimes these are so disagreeable that one wishes to protect oneself against them."

This, probably, would have been an interesting visit! During my lesson, Chopin said to me: "Georges Sand came with me to see you. It is a great pity that you were not at home. I greatly regretted it. Georges Sand thinks that she has been discourteous to you. You should have seen how amiable she can be. You have pleased her."

From now on, I enjoyed with Chopin especial distinction. I was said to have pleased Georges Sand! That was a diploma. Georges Sand had bestowed upon me the honor of a visit! That was a promotion.

"Chopin," continues our author, was the Phoenix of pianoforte intimacy; in the nocturne and mazourka his power is unattainable—magical. His mazourkas were the songs of Heinrich Heine on the piano. When I once said this to him, he played confusedly with the chain of the little watch, which at every lesson he placed on the piano, in order that the three-quarters of an hour which fled so swiftly might not be exceeded. "Yes, you understand me," he said, "and I like to listen to you when you play my music for the first time—then you give me ideas; but it is not the same when you have prepared yourself—then it is common-place."

"Liszt said the same thing to me," escaped me.

"Then I do not marvel that you concede to me," was the piquant and piqued answer. In Liszt, as in Chopin, lay such taunts, and with them one had to be prudent, for in their charmingness they were ultra Frenchmen.

"Liszt said of the mazourkas, that before each one there ought to be yoked a pianist of the first rank."

"Liszt is always right," answered Chopin. "Perhaps you think that I find pleasure in my mazourkas? I do not! A few times I have had real joy in them, in my annual concert, when my own spirit has been exalted through the mood of my listeners. It is on such occasions only that I ought to be heard: once in the year; the remainder is work. Here is the *Valse Mélancholique*. You will never, in a lifetime, be able to play this piece, but because you understand it well, I will write something on it for you." An autograph of Chopin is rare; he wrote no letters, no notes. "Georges Sand," he was heard to say, "writes so beautifully, that others have no business to write."

With Chopin, I went about as with a woman, whom one wishes in all respects to please; with Liszt I did not go about—he went about with me, and that just when it suited him. Once, in a confidential hour, Chopin said to me: "There is only one thing in you that I blame, and that is, that you are a Russian!" Liszt never would have said that; it was one-sided, narrow, but a key to Chopin's whole nature. Indirectly he often admitted this quality. Once he said: "Ah, if Beethoven could be known as Weber is known! But to Frenchmen that is impossible."

When I asked him: "Can we not go to the *Duperré's*?" he replied: "Ah! you are pleased with her! I never introduce any one; from her you have nothing to learn. You play my music as you play Weber's; and you have learned something from Liszt." Now, Liszt never would have said this—he would have said: "When would you like to go?" "It is true," Chopin added, apologetically, "I have promised some Russian ladies to play for them Beethoven's A-major sonata; I beg that you will accompany me; I should like you to be present. The ladies will send their equipage for me, and we will ride like princes." Equipages played a great rôle in this wonderful Paris—even in these circles!

The Russian ladies were the Baroness Krüdner, who was ideally beautiful, and her graceful friend, the Countess Schérémétjew. I had known both in St. Petersburg; they had always been present at Henselt's Sunday matinées, and on musical occasions at Count Wielhorski's. As we drove beyond the boulevards, I spoke to Chopin of "Henselt." "He greatly wishes to hear you play." I said: "And I none the less to hear him," answered Chopin, cordially. "Will he not sometime come here?" Such were these Parisians—they never went; others must always come to them!

The gifted daughter of the Baroness was one of Chopin's pupils; so, also, was the young Princess Tchernischew, daughter of the then Russian Minister of War; to the princess Chopin had dedicated the prelude in C-minor, op. 45. As we drove along in the handsome St. Petersburg *calèche*, with a servant in livery, whom Chopin told me to notice, I thought: And this, too, will never again happen, that the first and last letter of the musical alphabet will sit thus together in the beautiful sunshine in this lovely Paris.

Chopin had been brought to play the Beethoven-sonata. And how did Chopin play Beethoven? Beautifully, certainly; but not so beautifully as his own productions; not compactly, not *en relief*; not as from variation to variation, a continuously growing romance. He murmured *mezzo voce*, but in the "Cantilena" he was incomparable, and in the connections of the composition there was perfect completeness; it was ideally beautiful, but effeminate! Beethoven is a man, and never ceases to be one. Chopin played upon a *Playel*; at one time he would not give a lesson on any other instrument; a *Playel* must be obtained. On the present

occasion all were delighted; I also, but only by Chopin's tone; by his touch, by his grace and loveliness; by his pure style.

As we rode back he asked my opinion, and I answered honestly. "I indicate," he replied, without offense, "the listener himself must complete the picture."

When we were back in Chopin's apartment he went into an adjoining cabinet to change his toilette. I seated myself at the piano. I thought that I owed this to Liszt, and I played the Beethoven-theme as the expression of an autumn landscape, with the gleam of the summer-sun, with the finely-shaded, intense crescendos in the five successive A-flats. All sorts of things came, even a definite halt before the little group in thirty-secondths. Chopin came quickly out of the cabinet and seated himself, still in his shirt sleeves, beside me. I played well, and my face was glowing; it had been a kind of challenge. But not obviously; I spoke only with myself. At the theme I arose and calmly looked Chopin in the eyes. He laid his hand kindly upon my shoulder and said: "I will relate this to Liszt; all this has never before occurred to me, but it is beautiful; is it, then, always to be played passionately?"

"It is no drawing-room piece, it is the life of a human being," I answered. "Rochlitz has written a romance upon it, and that it must be impassioned is found in the *Coda* of the last variation, where the A-flats, now only the accompaniment of the aspiration, are no longer punctuated, and are taken in the middle." But what do you not make out of the windings of the group of triplets in the final variation! If only I could learn that from you! But that would be impossible, it lies in your nature, in your whole management of the instrument."

We talked much about Beethoven—for the first time. He had no very earnest thoughts about Beethoven; he knew only the principal works of the latter, and of his latest works he knew nothing. That was in the atmosphere of Paris. The *Symphonies* were known; the intermediate quartettes a little; the latest not at all. The Morin Quartette Society originated later. Paris was always a decennium behind Germany. Among other things I said to Chopin: "In the *F-minor Quartette* Beethoven has anticipated Mendelssohn, Schumann and Liszt; the Scherzo prepares the way for Liszt's *Mazourka-Fantasies*; as for Beethoven himself taking advantage of any existing works, there can be no talk; in this respect a genius so universal anticipates its age."

"I do not know this quartette," said Chopin. "Bring it to me."

I brought it, and he thanked me several times. I also brought Weber. He did not at all know how to value the latter; he spoke of the opera as *too vast for the piano*. In general, Chopin was quite far from the German spirit of music, although I often heard him say: "There is only one school—the German." His composition is a German, not a French, factor; he has Bach in mind. From many examples may be considered the C-sharp minor mazourka, op. 50, and the C-sharp minor mazourka, op. 41, which begin for the organ and end in an exclusively salon-character. They are in imitative style, and do him much honor. They belong to the more elaborate compositions; they are sonnets, and are incomparable.

I very frequently tortured Chopin with the well-known nocturno in E-sharp major, op. 9, which was dedicated to the beautiful Camille Playel. Chopin, like Liszt, was once found in the retinue of this lady.

When Chopin was contented with a pupil, he made

with a fine-pointed pencil a cross beneath the composition. In this nocturno I had received one cross; I had come and carried away a second. Once again I came. "Leave me in peace," said Chopin. "I do not like that piece of music." (Because he already thought in higher forms.) "Here you have another cross, and more than three I never give. You will never play this any better than now."

"But you play it so beautifully," I answered. "Probably no one else can play it so?" "Liszt can," said Chopin drily, and never again played it for me. He had written down for me small, but very important modifications. His notes were neat, small, sharp, like English diamond-printing.

I have already said that Chopin's playing was charming, but not grand; it was inimitable, as, for example, in his so-called waltzes, which are really enchanting rondos such as hitherto had been unknown. Once Meyerbeer, whom I had not yet seen, came into the room during my lesson. Meyerbeer was not announced—he was king. I was playing the mazourka in Op. 33. This mazourka, written upon a single page, yet contains many hundred pages, and I had named it "The Epitaph of Intention," so troubled, so mournful is the movement—the wearied flight of an eagle!

Meyerbeer took a seat. Chopin ordered me to continue.

"That is two-four time," said Meyerbeer. Chopin dissented, ordered me to repeat, beat time loudly with his pencil on the piano, his eyes glowing.

"Two-four," quietly repeated Meyerbeer.

Only once did I ever see Chopin angered. It was in this moment. He was beautiful to behold. A light flush suffused his pale cheek.

"It is three-four," he said loudly—he who always spoke so softly.

"Give it to me for a ballet in my opera" (his then secretly kept "L'Africaine"); "then I will show you," retorted Meyerbeer.

"It is three-four!" almost shrieked Chopin, and played it himself.

He played the mazourka several times, counted aloud, stamped the time with his foot. He was beside himself. It availed nothing. Meyerbeer kept to his two-four. They separated in hot anger. For me it was little less than pleasant to have been a witness to this excited scene. Without speaking to me Chopin vanished into his cabinet. After a few minutes I introduced myself to Meyerbeer as the friend of his friend the Count Wielhorski in St. Petersburg.

"May I take you home?" he asked, obligingly, on the steps in the court, where his coupé awaited him. We were scarcely seated when he began: "Until to-day I had not seen Chopin for a long time. I like him very much. I know no pianist like him—no composer for the piano like him. The piano lives by *nuances*, by the *cantilena*; it is an instrument for intimacies. I also was once a pianist, and there was a time when I was educating myself to become a virtuoso. Visit me when you come to Berlin. We are even now comrades. When one makes acquaintance in the house of so great a man as Chopin, it is for a lifetime." Meyerbeer spoke German, and that heartily. He pleased me better than the Parisians, but Chopin was right—the value of the *third* in the mazourka just mentioned is suppressed, but it exists, nevertheless. I, however, carefully guarded myself from agitating this point with the composer of the "Huguenots."

The vital characteristic of Chopin's execution was his

rubato. "The left hand," I often heard him say, "is the *Capell-Meister*, which must never dare to deviate, to waver; with the right hand you may do as you will and can." He thought: "Suppose a piece is to last so-and-so many minutes; if the whole last just so long, you may make the *individual* parts quite different."

But his *rubato* was much better explained by Liszt, in 1871, in Weimar, as I have heard from Liszt's distinguished pupil, the Russian pianist Neillissow. "Look at those trees," said Liszt to Neillissow, "the wind plays among the leaves, develops *life* among them; the trees themselves remain the same. That is Chopin's *rubato*."

There lived at this time in Paris a pianist by the name of Gutmann, a rough fellow at the piano, but with blooming health and Herculean limbs. Through his physical qualities he somewhat awed Chopin, and even The Sand would have liked to make a protégé of him. Chopin praised Gutmann as the pianist who mostly played his compositions for him to his satisfaction. That was strong! "He has educated himself," he said. That was stronger, *he*, a giant! The Scherzo in C-sharp minor, op. 39 is dedicated to Gutmann, the chord in the *bass* (octave of the first F-sharp 6th measure) probably having been intended for his prize-fighter's fist. No small left hand can take this chord (D-sharp, F-sharp, B, D-sharp, F-sharp), least of all the hand of Chopin, which *arpeggiated* over his easy-moving, narrow-keyed Pleyel. I have heard Gutmann at Chopin's; he played like a wood-carrier. Genius allows itself to be deceived when its weaknesses sit as umpire. To the little Filtsch and myself, Gutmann was a monster. There was nothing of Chopin about him, but Chopin had given himself the trouble, out of this block of wood, to cut a toothpick. This satisfied and dazzled him. Of Gutmann nothing was ever again heard; he was a discovery of Chopin's.

The compositions of Chopin opened for the piano a new era. They run the risk, however, of remaining unintelligible from a lack of knowledge of the master's manner of execution, of his intentions, of his mode of viewing the instrument. Upon paper his compositions are different from what they are in their adequate tonal-life. As an expression of the instrument they are to be placed above the compositions of Weber. They go a step further—they maintain a first place in pianoliterature. They rank with the ideas of a Novalis, of a Heine. They cannot be arranged, nor be introduced by other instruments. They are the Soul of the Piano. They embody the instrument rather than the speculative idea. They are often great within narrow limits. They are elegiac—lyrical rather than cosmic. But from the standing point of the creator's nationality they are ideal—in the history of the spirit of music they are immortal. If we glance over the collected works of Chopin we involuntarily exclaim: So much in so little! Scarcely sixty-four authentic opus-numbers, and yet so much within the domain of the intellect.

What might not be said about the finished technique of Chopin? And in this respect he stands high above Weber, and what not about his musical principle, his harmony, his modulation, his management of the piano in general, of the left hand* in particular. His tone-coloring is Raphaelistic. He is in truth the Raphael of the piano. Not in the church, however, are his Madonnas to be sought, but in *life*.

* Compare op. 10 No. 12, op. 25 No. 7, op. 34 No. 2, op. 51, op. 64 No. 3 in the mazourkas; among other compositions op. 23 No. 4 B-minor, in which occurs an unaccompanied solo for the left hand.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.*

HOW TO DISTRIBUTE THE SURPLUS.

IN the first paper on this subject, the necessity of educating the entire voting or governing element of the country was discussed. It was then shown that the right and the duty of the National Government to engage in the work of enlightening the present or future voters of the country rested not upon any charitable or humanitarian basis, but upon a policy based on sound economic principles and appealing to the fundamental doctrine of the nation's ultimate safety. We must educate the illiterate voter simply because we dare not allow him to continue in ignorance. If he votes ignorantly he nullifies the operation of intelligence in the government; if he is debarred of the exercise of this privilege by force or fraud, the equation of power is destroyed and unlawful violence achieves a triumph.

In the second paper the proposition made by General Grant during his second term looking to an avoidance of the danger arising from aggregated illiteracy was considered and both the undesirability of this plan and the impossibility of its accomplishment were shown.

It remains now to consider what other remedies have been proposed. These may be grouped under two heads so far as the method of achieving the common end is concerned. All of them are simply various means of achieving the cure of illiteracy by the only method in which ignorance can ever be combatted, to wit, by education. All of them propose to apply funds of the national government to promote such a state of general intelligence that every citizen of the United States shall at least be able to read the names of those other citizens for whom he casts his ballot and who are to represent him, as his agents and attorneys, in the government of the country. They differ from each other in one of two particulars, to wit: either in the method by which the needed funds shall be raised or in the manner in which they shall be applied. The first of these lines of demarkation it is needless for us to trace here. Whether the money required shall be raised by a tax on whiskey, a duty on imports, the sale of public lands or in any other specific manner is of little importance in the present state of our national finances.

How the fund shall be distributed when once it has been appropriated is a matter of far more consequence. While it is true that this fund is especially needed at the South, where the accumulation of ignorance is so great as to be alarming in itself and is made still more dangerous by the fact that a great portion of it is unassimilable by reason of the difference of race and color, yet it may well be doubted if the constitutional limitations of national prerogative would permit an appropriation of funds for the apparent benefit of those states alone. While such legislation as the "omnibus" River and Harbor Improvement bills, which are passed at every session, has come to be based on the principle of the equitable distribution of public plunder, it is not likely that any measure designed simply for the public advantage, and appealing to no ring or clique, nor especially awakening the personal interest of individual congressmen by enabling them to make combinations favorable to their own re-election, would be allowed to pass with like impunity. The statute that feeds "the noble army of contractors" may not in all respects conform to the principles of the Constitution, but it will have too many friends to fail of adoption. The act of congress that proposes to transmute the proceeds of taxation into intelligence must needs be drawn with care.

So far are its results removed from partisan ambition that not a single senator or representative can see in its adoption any appreciable enhancement of his own chances for re-election or opportunities for advancement. Its fruits are not of to-day. The souls whom its magic shall quicken into new life will only come to the ballot-box when those who gave the boon of knowledge shall have crumbled into dust. Therefore, the legislator of to-day, if not the enemy of this measure, is only enough its friend to see to it that he makes up a record which he can proclaim with boastfulness on the hustings. It is one of those measures that can only be forced through the national legislature by the whip and spur of public opinion. The legislator from the North, or the East or the West, cares but little whether the voter of the South can read the ballot which he casts or not, so long as his own nomination and election are not in the balance. It is not so much the ultimate good of the whole land that presses on his consciousness as the doing of those things which will satisfy the present demands of his constituents.

Unfortunately, perhaps, in some respects, those who represent the region most immediately to be benefited by any system of national education that may be adopted, are not yet sufficiently emancipated from the fetters of the old slave system to be able to fully appreciate the advantages to be derived by their section from this movement. It is morally certain that a vast majority of the white voters of the South are stubbornly opposed to the education of colored children at the public expense. A good proportion of them do not yet regard it as a part of the state's duty to educate the poor of any race. If the question of free schools for colored children, unmodified by any extraneous matter, were squarely put to the white voters of any Southern state there cannot be a doubt that the majority would be overwhelming against the proposition. With this in view, and remembering that all but two or three of the representatives of that section became such as the avowed and especial champions of the white race as opposed to the negro, it is easy to see that a measure whose results must be to accelerate the elevation and development of the colored people cannot look to them for a very warm and hearty championship at the outset. They may not oppose, but they are sure to criticise, raise objections, and delay just as long as they can without avowed hostility, both its adoption and its thorough enforcement.

For these reasons it becomes necessary not only that the plan adopted should be carefully considered by every intelligent citizen of the Republic, but that all objections to its form and method should be eliminated, and that the people should urge upon their representatives the necessity of immediate and effectual action.

Two distinct methods of distributing a fund to be supplied by the general government among the several states to be used in aid of education have been proposed, and one or the other of them incorporated in each of the score or so of bills that have been presented upon this subject. The first of these classes propose the division of the fund among the states upon the basis of population. The second propose a distribution among the states, or the people of the states, upon the basis of the illiteracy to be found in each.

* The two previous papers of this series, Nos. 1 and 2, may be found in Nos. 86 and 88 of THE CONTINENT.

Either of these plans may be said to be effectually free from constitutional objection. If Congress has the right to dedicate a part of the national revenue to an eradication of an ignorance so alarming as to threaten the national existence, it must, of course, make the same provision applicable to one state as to another. It cannot say that it will give a million dollars to South Carolina and ten thousand only to Rhode Island. This would be special legislation and obnoxious to the maxims of our government because of that fact. It would no doubt be lawful for Congress to appropriate to each state a certain sum *per capita*, counting all its inhabitants, for each of its voters, or for each of its illiterates over ten years of age.

By this method of distribution the same rule would apply to all, and the act instead of being special would become general in its character. The only objection that could be urged against either of these plans, on this ground, would be that the appropriation was one made in favor of a particular class—to wit, the ignorant. In fact, however, this objection is, in this case, only fanciful. It would be much nearer the truth to say that this appropriation was to be made for the sake of the *intelligent* alone, since it is the intelligent who are to be saved thereby from the danger they perceive to confront them. But, in truth, it is not for the benefit of any one class, race or section, but of the whole land, since misgovernment injures, and good government benefits all alike.

Between these two methods of distribution, however, there is a world-wide difference as to the results attainable. A distribution on the basis of population would throw the largest fund where there is the least need for it. That is, the largest proportion would go where there are :

1. The smallest proportion of illiterates.
2. The largest proportionate wealth.
3. The most thorough and complete public school systems.
4. The most numerous and well-endowed private institutions of learning.

Under this system of distribution Massachusetts with its 1,783,000 of population and only 92,900 illiterates would receive more of the national fund for education than Alabama with her 1,262,000 inhabitants and 433,400 illiterates. Yet Massachusetts has one of the oldest and most efficient school systems, and Alabama one of the newest and most defective. Massachusetts has only 6.5 out of every hundred ten years old and upwards who cannot write, while Alabama has 50.9 of every hundred who cannot read their ballots. In like manner, New York with her 5,082,000 inhabitants would receive just about as much of the fund as Georgia, Kentucky, Louisiana and Mississippi together, though New York has but 219,600 illiterates, while the states named have 1,560,000 or more, than *seven times as many*, and *forty-four* out of every hundred of their population over ten years of age cannot write. At the same time the assessed value of the real and personal property of New York is \$2,651,000,000 and that of the other four states is \$2,234,000,000, or \$417,000,000 less. Thus where the need is least and the power to remove the evil greatest, this plan of distribution would give the most. In its application it resembles a charitable society that should take the contribution of a street-car driver with which to send a basket of broken victuals to Vanderbilt. It is perhaps sufficient to say of this plan that its only real advocates at this time are those sturdy partisans whose chief purpose is to find an outlet for an unexpected surplus in the public treasury rather than to enhance the ratio of intelligence among the masses. Perhaps the greatest number of them are to be found among that class who were most clamorous for the enfranchisement of the negro at the close of the war of the rebellion, and who now, finding him an unprofitable servant, in a party sense, are anxious to deprive him of the ballot they incontinently thrust into his half-unwilling hands and remand him to a state still one step nearer to serfdom than that he now occupies. No absurder proposition was ever solemnly put forward as a great political discovery or received the sanction of a party convention seeking for a new issue.

A. W. TOURGÉE.

THE WHAT-TO-DO CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER XXV.

"WE certainly are not carrying out our name," Ellen Pettis said, as the Club came together the last week in August. "We ought to be the 'What-to-Think,' rather than the 'What-to-Do Club,' for so far we haven't done anything much but listen to what other people do. I suppose that has to come first, though."

"She's teaching three dreadful little Kanucks how to sew," interrupted Charlotte, "and I think that's one bit of doing. They live on the cross-road near us, and their mother is sick. It actually roused up mother when she found the state they were in, and the woman is such a pretty, soft-voiced creature. She was a clear-starcher in Montreal, and now that she is better, mother said she thought perhaps that Anna Freeman's people would give her their fine washing."

Charlotte's flashing, energetic little face was alive with interest, and Ellen's no less so, and the sense of too much trimming which had been the strongest im-

pression they at first produced, was, even if still present, quite subordinated by the real feeling that had come to the surface.

"There is hardly a doubt of it," Miss Dunbar said heartily. "I would go and see, in any case. Such a woman will be a treasure here. I wish a good sempstress would develop herself also."

"That's too much to expect," said Dorothy. "Now hush, for this is almost the last from the Busy-Bodies. This is from Amy and about their winter work."

"MEDWIN, N. J., September, 1890.

"The chronicles of the Busy-Bodies are near an end, dear Eleanor, but you must be told how it fared with us, when summer work had ended, and winter was upon us. By that time we had ceased to dread winter, for our club had grown to be quite social and harmonious. Three others had joined us: Gertrude Dean, Jane Ramsay and Juliet Finch. Gertrude had always shown a great aptitude for mathematics and drawing, and one fine day surprised all

her friends by entering her brother's office to study architecture. That obliged her to go in town every day with him; his companionship on the way and in his rooms, where she had a secluded corner, made it easy and pleasant, and Willard, who had lately established himself with another young man, declared she had more zeal, industry and taste for that pursuit than four young men out of five who followed it as a career. She has an eye for color, though, and it would not be strange if she branched off from that into house decoration, which, Willard says, gives a fine opening for the right kind of young women. Jane Ramsay has taken up lace-mending, after learning various kinds of lace-making. She had to do something and those supple fingers and bright eyes are just suited to delicate work. Through Madame X., a modiste, who is Scotch, like Jane's father, who passes for French, she gets all the mending she can do from fashionable ladies who need to have flounces and fichus repaired, and who expect to pay for the work much more than she could gain by the needle in other ways. Juliet Finch went into her father's photographic gallery first to assist him when he injured his hand. He found her so useful and willing that he wished her to remain, and, as she likes the work and is naturally artistic, we shall expect to see the firm of H. Finch & Daughter some day.

"As the three girls are intelligent and very companionable, we did not see why they should not be enrolled among our members; for, you see, we determined to have a list of names and regular meetings, even if we could all assemble no more than three or four times a year. It would keep up our enthusiasm, give variety to busy lives, and produce a spirit of helpfulness, an *esprit du corps*, as Milly says, that cannot fail to do us good in the end. For these purposes we agreed that no one should be elected a member unless she followed some pursuit a portion of the year at least.

"At the meeting on which this was decided we elected Aunt Keziah President of the Busy-Bodies. We all call her Aunt, she is so pleasant and good to us. Milly is to be Corresponding Secretary, I am Recording Secretary, and Amy is Treasurer. When we need to do any business we go at it in a girl-like fashion, but Aunt K. laughingly calls us to order, and requires us to rise and 'address the chair.' She accepted the honor of the Presidency with real good nature, and said:

"Now, girls, here is an excellent opportunity to become acquainted with the order of business according to 'Cushing's Manual.' I'll give each member of the Busy-Bodies a copy, and when we meet we will spend a part of the time in business drill."

"We all laughed, but thought it would be a good thing to do. 'Why,' said Auntie, 'you cannot organize for any purpose, for a missionary society, a literary club, or even as Busy-Bodies, without a certain form or order of procedure. There is every reason why you should learn this order, and none why you should not.'

"So it was agreed, and really we enjoy our business meetings, preliminary to the social ones, more than I can express. We would at first rise to reply to the last speaker direct, but Auntie would bring her tack-hammer, which answered for a gavel, down on a flat stone to call us to order, and say so seriously, 'Miss Hood,' or 'Miss Allston will please address the chair;' and then we would turn, beg pardon, and say, 'The last speaker wishes to know so and so,' instead of 'Milly, I'll tell you so and so.' It was good training, and we mean to continue our method.

"But I began to tell you about our winter meetings. My silk-worms were reduced to promises stored in the small compass of a couple of ounces of eggs, while Amy's strawberry-bed and Milly's berries and bees were all sleeping through the long night of winter. We wanted something to do beside the usual skating-parties and sleigh-

rides, the sociables and small parties which are the usual recreations of winter. I think Aunt Keziah desired to keep alive the flame of generous emulation in regard to efforts for improvement. She did not like to see us fall into easy, idle habits after having been so busy. So she came over one day and conferred with me in regard to semi-weekly classes. We agreed upon a plan, advised Milly of the same, and she called the members together 'by order of the President' through means of postal cards. We met on Fast Day—the legal holiday when Gertrude and Juliet would be free—and took steps to begin a class in drawing, to be followed by one in gymnastics.

"Of the first, Miss Hood, as we call Auntie in the class or in our business meetings, is the teacher. She is an amateur artist of no mean ability, having made a special study of the flora of this part of the State, painting them from nature in water-colors—root, leaf, bud, flower and seed-vessels, all complete. It was a great thing for us to have so energetic and inspiring a teacher; we did not appreciate it at first. Our drawing-room is that used in sericulture, and the class has become, with most of us, a veritable enthusiasm. I never go out to walk now without my sketch-book, and am drawing perspective landscapes, and attempting color in them as backgrounds for flower-studies.

"Auntie had us all meet at two o'clock in the afternoon, our school-desks in place, each of us provided with a simple drawing-book—Janet and Jamie Allston, as well as Tom Hood and my brother and sister, Charles and Augusta, were invited to join—and all have become interested and more or less proficient. After practicing upon straight and oblique lines, curves and simple forms, we were given more difficult subjects. Then we took a block or paper-weight pyramid, an ink-stand, a cup—anything not too difficult—which we were required to draw in outline sufficiently well to pass the inspection of our critical teacher. After awhile shading was attempted, and then more difficult forms, such as an ivy-spray, a vase containing a lily—anything we could seize upon and liked. Then she gave us directions in regard to drawing perspective, making us, one by one, sit in the door and draw the room, or the landscape from a window. I cannot tell you how interested we became. Some of us were very dull—I among them—but Charley and Janet Allston exhibited remarkable talent. Janet already has decided that art is her vocation, and Auntie thinks perhaps it is. Jamie used to draw Cecy over in her invalid chair, and she reclined among her pillows, watching us with shining eyes. She was a reminder that we had strength and buoyant health, and so we ought to be happy and thankful, and use the faculties which we are able to express with perfect bodily organs, in such a manner as to give joy to others and to ourselves. I really think the sweet face looking from one to another of us with such patience and affection—for every one loves Cecy—did more to keep us from growing selfish or irritable than anything else. Who could be anything but her best within sight of those clear-seeing eyes, that had so early looked face to face with suffering?

"The second and the third winter our class has continued, and often, in summer and fall, we take a simple lunch and tramp off a mile or two to sketch; every one of us must do it, too, or she is not permitted to accompany us the second time, and we do have such pleasant afternoons! And now there is not one who cannot draw quite well, considering how young some are; and Auntie says we have the foundation laid for any artistic or industrial pursuit. Two of us have begun figure-drawing, and are determined to go on.

"My gymnastic class comes after the drawing, a short recess intervening. I had been a pupil in Dr. L.'s school, where these exercises were a specialty, and greatly do we enjoy the drills which are still kept up. I marked off circles on the uncarpeted floor with paint on which the heels rest, all facing me as I play on the cabinet organ and call off

exercises. We have no corsets nor tight dresses nor high French heels allowed in the class, and, to the astonishment of some of our friends, our chests have all expanded from one to three inches by the movements and the deep breathing rendered necessary. It is not possible to tell you just how we go through with them; but we have fixed movements, varied from day to day, in their order. Usually we depend on 'Free Gymnastics'—that is, without any implements; but frequently the exercises are varied by the use of wands, rings and dumb-bells, the latter being very small and light. Some of the movements include 'arm-raising'—thrust vertically over the head in unison; 'arm-thrusting'—forward; 'arms-back'; 'arm-circling'; this last from the shoulder, and then movements similar with the feet. These exercises alternate, always in perfect time, and are followed by many exercises of the trunk—bending forward, backward, turning, circling, and also by head movements. Auntie says, and indeed we know, that girls specially need gymnastics, as they are generally forbidden by custom and by dress from getting that free play of muscles that alone produces good circulation of blood and nervous force, and gives a fine, healthy development of the all-important organs of digestion and respiration. She gives us informal talks about health and grace and beauty, after class, and I am sure, Miss Dunbar, if we do not have the first-named as the aid to the others, it will not be the fault of our President. We sometimes think she is very firm and relentless; but, as she reminds us, so are the laws of nature. My report of Drawing and Gymnastics to our sister club among the Green Mountains is quite informal, but I hope, at least, that from it you may perceive what we are doing, and a little of the spirit with which it is done."

"I hate gymnastics," Ellen Pettis said, as the reading ended. "You always have to get ready for them, and your clothes feel so tight for awhile after you've finished them."

"Mine wouldn't," said Molly Peters. "I can't breathe in tight things. I won't wear them."

"I don't mean that they really are tight," Ellen hastened to say, with a look of reprobation at Molly's unmistakably clumpy waist. "I can put my hand down anywhere between me and my dresses; they are never tight."

Molly's eyebrows went up.

"I suppose one gets used to anything," she said, "but they'd be the death of me that way. I want to lace, bad enough, but I like my comfort too well to give in to looks. And I guess the steels would have snapped this last week." Molly looked around triumphantly as she went on. "I've got a word for the Busy-Bodies," she said. "My piece of ground is all down to strawberries; I sent to Rochester for 'em, an' I set them every one out myself, an' did all the hoeing and raking, too. Father ploughed it, and then I broke it all up fine. Worked at it just exactly as if 'twas a flower bed. It's the lightest loam 'round here, and I can tell you I've almost sat up nights with those plants. If they get winter-killed I'll just break my heart. And Almira's done exactly the same, though I did help her some. Now we'll see what'll happen. I'm tired of hearing that country folks don't have fruit. And you ought to see the way the currant bushes are coming on. There they were, old as the hills, and little, scrawny, pindling things, not much more'n a quart or two of currants on them, and never touched any more than if they were maple trees. So I got father to dig all round them and put in some manure too, and every Monday we carry out the suds from the wash and pour round them. I wouldn't say anything because I wanted to see if anything would come of it, and it did. There're growing!

Why they've never grown since I remember! And the leaves are as dark and thick; you never saw such a change! Now I'm going to plant some new ones. Anna Freeman has to send down to St. Albans for fruit, and they get it from Boston. I say it's ridiculous, and here we all are not lifting a finger!"

Everybody laughed, as Molly's round eyes flashed defiance at such a state of things.

"I should say that you had lifted several," Dorothy said. "I am half disposed to begin on our own currant bushes."

"Oh you!" Molly said. "That's different. You don't have to earn anything any more than the Pettis girls—or may be not as much, but I just hanker for my own money if it isn't but a dollar a week. Father laughs. He says there isn't any sense in it, but I asked him how he'd like coming to me every time he wanted fifty cents. He says 't isn't the same thing; but I say the feelings of things are just alike way inside of 'em for women as for men. Now ain't they?"

"Of course," Dorothy said, energetically. "Everybody with any sense agrees to that."

"Hardly," Miss Dunbar said, "else there would be no further need of arguing."

"My father says there isn't any need, anyway," said Marilla Prentiss, who though the youngest member, had a little of her father's quiet persistency in opposing whatever struck him as too progressive. A narrow creed shut him in so thoroughly that he hardly knew his fellowmen outside its pale, save as possible converts. He coveted the advantages of the club for this oldest of his flock, yet constantly warned her to remember the church principles he had instilled into her from the time she could answer the first question in the catechism, "What is your name?" in the firm belief that its answer "N or M," meant Nathan for her oldest brother and Marilla for herself. Miss Dunbar was wise and never opposed her directly, but simply talked on as if certain facts were taken for granted by all sensible people. There were long discussions. The girls had the utmost faith in her and listened with absorbed eagerness to her views of things, which always quietly given, were coloring their own more than they knew; and since Mr. Evarts had taken his place among them as serenely as if there could be no question as to his right, the interest had increased. John, teased and doubted, delighted with Molly Peters's belligerent attitude, and driving her nearly to desperation with his suggestions and contradictions, and the meetings of the club since his arrival had been so exciting that Dorothy half wished that he had been kept out, fearing that his going would make them tame and perhaps less attractive.

As they talked now, Mr. Pettis came up the walk and lifted the heavy knocker, and in a moment Linda opened the parlor door.

"Miss 'Lizabeth, Mr. Pettis is a-xin' for you."

"I should not have come, if I had remembered that it was your Club-day," he said, as he rose to meet Miss Dunbar, who had hurried in, "but I will do my errand, now that I am here. I want an hour of your time to-morrow morning for some papers. Can you give it?"

"Certainly," Miss Dunbar answered, a little anxiously; "but there is nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Not at all. In fact, I think there is something more nearly what might be called right. We'll talk it over in the morning," and the lawyer turned away abruptly, leaving Miss Dunbar to wonder what new turn in affairs his words indicated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MIGMA.

THE PRINCIPAL OFFICE OF THE CONTINENT IS NOW AT 23 PARK ROW, NEW YORK. Mail Matter not so addressed is necessarily delayed, and is far more likely to be lost altogether than if sent direct. Editors of exchanges, publishers of books intended for review, and ALL CORRESPONDENTS will please note the change. The Philadelphia office will be kept open for the reception of subscriptions and advertisements, but parties who have to address us by mail should do so at the New York office.

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THE *Buffalo Express* is troubled because the editor of THE CONTINENT thinks the Democrats will nominate a Southern man for Vice-President. Well, why shouldn't they? Isn't it unreasonable to expect the South to furnish three-fourths of the Democratic electoral strength and not even have the tail of the ticket? For one we are glad "the South is in the saddle again", not because of any advantage to be gained thereby to Republicanism, but because they have deserved it of their party whenever it came into power. They have done its bidding, fought its battles, furnished its strength and have a right to share its honors. Fair is fair, and one so cordially inclined to Democracy as the editor of the *Express* ought not to wish that party to do a mean thing, even for the sake of having Governor Cleveland nominated.

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It is strange how the writer of fiction who is not familiar with the inside of a court-room, and has not learned the minutiae of procedure, is almost sure to slip when he enters the precincts where justice is dispensed. The author of "The Bread-Winners" gives the following description of the return of a verdict in a capital case, presumably in the city of Cleveland:

"The jury found a verdict of 'justifiable homicide,' upon which the judge very properly sent them back to their room, as the verdict was flatly against the law and the evidence. They retired again, with stolid and unabashed patience, and soon re-appeared with a verdict of acquittal, on the ground of 'emotional insanity.' But this remarkable jury determined to do nothing by halves; and, fearing that the reputation of being queer might injure Sam in his business prospects, added to their verdict these thoughtful and considerate words, which yet remain on the record, to the lasting honor and glory of our system of trial by jury:

"And we hereby state that the prisoner was perfectly sane up to the moment he committed the rash act in question, and perfectly sane the moment after, and that, in our opinion, there is no probability that the malady will ever recur."

Such things may have formerly happened on the frontiers. Perhaps "cow-boy" justice may now and then afford specimens of such absurd horse-play betwixt judge and jury even now. It is even possible that Missouri, in her chivalrous devotion to the "James boys," might even match its grave burlesquerie. But it is a cheap method for a man to advertise his own superficiality of observation to put such a mass of senseless twaddle in the mouths of a jury in a trial in which they are always expressly charged: "If you find him guilty, you will say so. If you find him not guilty, you will say so, and no more."

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By the way, it may not be inappropriate to say of this work, whose author has not yet declared himself, that

while his story is located in Cleveland, his apprehension of the peculiar and distinctive elements of the life of that city and region, appears to be singularly superficial. In fact, one is impressed with the idea that the life portrayed is that of New York, as some claim it to be at least, taken up bodily and superimposed on certain characters which are made to act upon a scene drawn from the locality of Cleveland, and with a setting of vague individuality which gives it an air of local coloring. The idea of rivalry between that city and Buffalo, of which so much is made in the story, is at the best a standing joke; but the marked and peculiar characteristics of the people of that section do not seem to have made any impression upon the writer. One would infer from the character of his work in this respect, that the author was a man of mature age, who had formed his ideas of men and women, and the age before he studied Cleveland; that when he came to do so he saw it from Euclid Avenue, and the windows of the palaces that line that splendid boulevard; that he filled this groundwork with a life which he thought he had seen elsewhere, and supposed must also exist there.

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THERE is one respect in which the unknown author is peculiarly explicit. It is a point on which the modern "realistic" novelists are singularly unanimous. All the good and pleasant and agreeable people of our modern life are immensely rich. Those who are not worth a million at the least are always the victims of some unfortunate defect of character or training, that makes them not only inferiors, but decidedly uncomfortable associates for the fortunate few. It is a comfort to know that wealth has such an elevating and refining influence on the modern American. It is very pleasant to know that the woman whose nature is marred by numerous bits of coarse and unpleasant mediocrity, so long as the sum of life's endeavor is expressed by four or five ciphers, as soon as she passes the magic line of million-airessdom becomes at once possessed of all the virtues and the graces which feminine humanity can afford lodgment for.

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It is about time that justice was done in fiction to our rich men. They have fared rather badly in our literature until the advent of the new school who would have us believe that only the weak and mean things in common life are fit to be noted as foils for the calm sweet life that floats above it—in the mystic realm where millions are no more than pennies to the poor. There has been a strange propensity on the part of the American novelist heretofore to almost make war on the very richest rich of our land. He has delighted in tracing them back to the dunghill, in showing by what arts they rose and noting the effect of these things upon the tinsel lives of upper-tendom. That day is gone, and we are evidently nearing the millenium when the only people worth knowing will be those whose fortunes are writ in six figures. We are glad to see it. It is time they had their "innings." They cannot be too good, though they may be too many, and it is perhaps time that this nation of mammon-lovers should begin to shape and fashion their golden calves.

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It is strange how close the mayor of Brooklyn came to a great political truth in his speech at the New Eng-

land Dinner and yet how clearly he missed it. In noting the departure from the New England town system in the organization of our cities he called attention to the fact that they were creatures of the legislative power. It may be doubted if the towns are not in like manner subject to legislative control. It would perhaps be difficult to find out any feature of the municipal organization known as a town or township which the legislature of any state might not change at will. There is a good deal of loose generalizing about New England towns and the township system. One thing is certainly true about them, however: they are minute self-governing subdivisions of the commonwealth. In that respect our modern municipal corporation is certainly a departure, and one, too, that has not approved itself. The great distinctive feature of our American system of government is the idea of dividing the state into so many lesser republics that every man shall know the neighbors with whom he acts. The township is to the state what the groups of comrades in battle are to a regiment. It is on the vigor and intelligence of the lesser bodies that the safety of the greater depends when the conflict is hottest. From this our cities have gotten very far away, and the reformers of to-day are trying to remove them still farther. The idea of centralization of power, which is their favorite notion, may be a very good one—it may be the best that is now possible of adoption—but it is very like a farce to seek to claim kinship for it with the township system. It seems but reasonable to believe that if some means were devised by which the peculiar characteristics of that system could be applied to cities the results might be as gratifying as they have been in lesser communities. The problem of government in our great cities is apparently no nearer a solution than it was fifty years ago. In fact, the remedy that we have attempted to apply, the centralization of power in the hands of one man, is so out of harmony with all our American ideas of government that it seems too much to expect satisfactory results from it. With a man of peculiar tact and vigor and the most unimpeachable integrity, like Mr. Low, at its head, such a system is capable of yielding good results; but it lends itself with equal facility to malfeasance and fraud in the hands of a weak or bad man. The system is utterly incongruous with our American ideas and out of harmony with every other element of our political life. How it shall be remedied and what shall take its place doth not yet appear, but Brooklyn's young and aspiring mayor could do no better thing than to use the knowledge his position has given him to devise a system in harmony with American thought and tradition. He will find this much more profitable than the attempt to fit the present anomalous and mongrel idea with a respectable Puritan ancestry.

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SPEAKING of this annual celebration of the "Forefather's Day," would it not be as well to begin to count up what the forefathers owe to their descendants as well as be eternally recounting our indebtedness to them. The fanciful straining of cause and effect, in order to turn all good things back to Plymouth Rock, is almost as absurd as that other mental idiosyncrasy that can see no good in any element of our American life until they can turn its pedigree straight back to some well vouched foreign source. It is at best a silly notion, and of a piece with that queer folly which seeks to exalt itself by magnifying its ancestry. We brought no considerable part of our present governmental system with us from Eng-

land. The best of our existing systems are home-growths. The seed was imported, but the plant has been of native growth. So strange and new were the conditions of growth and fruitage that it stands forth a distinct species. Its best elements are not the imported but the indigenous ones. We hardly owe more to the characteristics our forefathers brought with them than to the influences that modified those characteristics. Not one of our great distinctive political ideas had more than a gnarled, uncertain root in the early colonial life. The religious liberty of which we boast was the narrowest of sectarian bigotry when first imported. So, too, our free institutions came to us in the form of a most unmitigated tyranny. It was fortunate for to-day that the east wind blew the young tree at its transplanting farther and farther from its English root. It was forced to strike new roots into the fresh, and by no means rich soil. To the early New Englanders the mother country was not a model to be patterned after, but an example of things to be avoided. So our life became a growth of the New World—a life grafted on to the sturdy stock that found lodgment on our shore, for which that stock can no more claim credit than the thorn on which a pear is grafted can boast itself of the luscious suckers that ripen on the branches that spread above the mound in which its life lies hidden.

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IT is odd that all these descendants of the Puritans or Pilgrims, or of both—for as long as we cannot be exact we prefer to make our language broad enough to cover all—who meet to show how well the ancient stock resists the inroads of dyspepsia, should always be of the well-to-do variety. Except a few whose eloquence and honors were needed to grace the assemblies—the unpaid wearers of the cap and bells at the court of Midas—those who surrounded the groaning boards were there because they represented accumulated wealth. It was not only the good boys but the lucky ones who met together to extol their parentage. That they did so with an utter disregard of the prodigals, the vagabonds and the cranks who belong to the same family, was but natural. Success is the measure of merit, and the forefathers would no doubt approve the arrangement most heartily. There was a vast amount of human nature about the old fellows, and they would not be backward about acknowledging the sleek, broad-brained, keen-witted men who made up these convocations as their lineal descendants of unadulterated blood, but the hard worn, thin-cheeked millions—the blue-white milk that underlies and supports this luscious golden cream—they would probably compel to show their pedigrees, and prove them, too. Yet these are the true Plymouth-descended, so brave and proud that no toil can daunt their hope and no envy their exultation in the fact that they, too, are of the purple. These bright-eyed millions of pinched lives and furrowed faces read the reports of these festive gatherings the next day, and their hearts beat faster for the thought "I, too, am one of the sons of the royal fugitives. I also sprung from those who sailed with *Aeneas*." It is no wonder such a people made a new world blossom, and built up a new nation, the like of which the world had never known before. Yet it would seem that the Forefather's Day should have some other form of observance than the feasting of the few luckiest and brightest, even though they be the strongest and noblest. It is hardly chivalric to forget the weaker and meaner, from whose loins to-morrow may bring sons who shall overtop them all.



THE new series of "American Commonwealths," of which two numbers have now appeared, bids fair to round out the historical knowledge conveyed in such imperceptible but most effectual form in the "American Statesman Series." At the first announcement there seemed no room for another series about anything, but Mr. Scudder's admirable selection of writers and his rare gifts as editor, bid fair to make the present undertaking a more than successful one. Probably no man in America was quite so well fitted to write both sympathetically and authoritatively of "Virginia" as John Esten Cooke, whose novels of Southern life, during its colonial phases especially, have dealt with all the early elements of that rather heterogeneous but always noble community. His familiarity with the mass of documents bearing upon the early history of the Old Dominion is not a matter of hasty research for the sake of a single volume, but the result of life-long interest and labor. Like the modern school of historians he has chosen to write the history of the people, ignoring prominent names, save in their bearing on the development of the colony. The facts in themselves are picturesque, and under his skillful handling have arranged themselves in a shape as fascinating as the best fiction. Loving his state with the passion born in every Virginian, his sense of justice is strong enough to make him avoid some of the pitfalls in which other Southern writers have found themselves. He clings to the myths encompassing Captain John Smith, and rehabilitates this somewhat demoralized story-teller. In fact, one is convinced over again, that, true or false, the bold captain still deserves all honors for the daring that made him an explorer, and the knightly nature that stopped at nothing that could advance the interests of his colony. All readers of his "True Relation," or of the "General History," accessible in every historical library, will admit that the style is energetic, compact, intense, but hardly that it possesses "a virile and sinewy force which entitles it to rank with the best English literature produced during the seventeenth century." The Pocahontas story Mr. Cooke insists was told in the "True Relation," but cut out by its editor, not being allowed to appear until sixteen years later, and quotes the London editor's statement, with a comment which he admits is merely conjecture. "Something more was by him written, which, being as I thought fit to be private, I would not venture to make it public." There is little doubt that the omitted portions referred to Smith's adventures on the Chickahominy and York, and that the editor struck them out in order not to discourage colonization.

The famous "Bacon Rebellion" is made to be "a popular insurrection against misgovernment," and he urges that the tendency of Virginia politics has been from the beginning "toward the assertion of popular rights," adding, "if socially aristocratic, the small society is politically Republican. The ancient usage

holds that 'all freemen' shall have a voice in elections. The Virginians recognize the great truth that the gold lace is only the guinea stamp—the manhood of the free citizen is the real gold. The Virginians," he continues, "have been described as 'aristocrats and slaves of Church and King;' but the aristocrats were among the first to proclaim that 'all men are created equal;' the bigots overthrew their Church; and the slaves of the King first cast off his authority, declared Virginia an independent commonwealth, and were foremost in establishing a republic."

Nothing more interesting is to be found in the always graphic volume than the various acts of the Grand Assembly of Virginia, and the story of the parties, passive or in furious action, according to the state of things in the mother country. The Puritan element was strong; the Royalist stronger, and religious persecution of Catholics, Quakers and Baptists as eager as in the more northern colony, though popularly supposed to be confined to that inhospitable region. Human nature seems to have been much alike at both points, the Puritan being emancipated from narrowness sooner than the Cavalier.

As he gives in detail the story of the people, their character, customs and employments, morals and manners, Mr. Cooke pauses at intervals in his admirable descriptions to remark that this is the first time such analysis has been attempted. On the contrary, the most searching and sympathetic work ever done in this direction came some years ago from the hand of Professor Moses Coit Tyler, who, in his "History of American Literature," for the third volume of which he is making us wait a most unreasonable time, gave ample space to Virginian literature in its first days, and the causes of the want of any in later ones.

The two agree in certain points, but Mr. Cooke's critical faculty is overmastered by the love of his state. He has small sense of nationality, as, indeed, was to be expected, and thus as he passes from colonial to later days, fails to give the real meaning of many phases of history. But even with this defect, his book must stand as a brilliant and generally trustworthy picture of the state he loves, and a valuable addition to our historical authorities.

J. R. OSGOOD & Co. are to reprint "Seventeenth Century Studies," by Mr. Edward Gosse.

A NEW novel, by Miss Dudu Fletcher, is under way, and its American publishers will be Roberts Brothers.

SUSANNA WESLEY is to have a place in the "Eminent Woman's" series; her life being written by Mrs. Sarah Clarke, a descendant.

BURNS'S Poems have been newly translated into German, and the edition, which is said to be an excellent one, has just appeared at Stuttgart.

AUTOGRAPH hunters may doubt the genuineness of any signature of Tennyson's in their possession, as his wife writes and signs all his letters.

PROFESSOR G. P. FISHER'S able work on "The Grounds of Christian and Theistic Belief," is to be issued in London by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

How Baron Tennyson's "Princess" will lend itself to "comicalizing" remains to be seen, but the operation is now being performed by Mr. Gilbert, to music written by Mr. Sullivan.

SHAKESPEARE AS A LAWYER is the latest diving into the poet's tendencies and possibilities, and appears in the shape of a collection of every reference to the law made

(1) AMERICAN COMMONWEALTHS. Edited by Horace E. Scudder. Virginia: A History of the People. By John Esten Cooke. 16mo, pp. xxi, 523, \$1.25; Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

in plays or poems, Little, Brown & Co. being the publishers.

PORTRAITS OF PLACES, Mr. Henry James's latest work, is to contain in book form his first impressions of Venice, Paris, Normandy, England, London, and his reflections on an English New Year and an English winter watering-place, with some thoughts on Saratoga, New York, Quebec and Niagara.

FROM Lynchburg, Virginia, comes the first number of a new musical publication—"Etude," the editor of which, Mr. Theodore Presser, proposes to make it a vehicle not only for good music and carefully prepared studies, but for general musical information, a department of questions and answers and one for communications from teachers being given.

CASSELL & Co., whose beautiful *Magazine of Art* is an established favorite, have begun the issue of an American edition of their *Family Magazine*, a periodical in which matter and illustration are far beyond what is generally understood by "Family" anything, that adjective standing usually for as much mediocrity as a given space can be made to contain. In the present case, the work, while English in tone, is quiet, refined and pleasing, and the magazine deserves the friends it will undoubtedly make.

An exchange gives an interesting reminiscence of Keats, told by an old friend, who writes that the poet was passionately fond of music, and would sit for hours while she played the piano to him. It was to a Spanish air which she used to play that the song "Hush, hush! tread softly," was composed; and so sensitive was he to proper execution that when a wrong note has been played in a public performance he has been known to say that he would like to "go down into the orchestra and smash all the fiddles."

THE bound volume of *The Century* from May to October, 1883, is one of the most beautiful and attractive of the entire set, and contains a remarkable variety of distinctive matter, touching on all points of life and thought, in all fields of human interest and attainment, the contributors and artists numbering the most noted names in American thought and art. The volumes of *St. Nicholas* are equally attractive in another direction, and the brilliant monthlies are too securely fixed in popular favor to require even mention at the critics' hands.

THE "Golden Floral" series, issued by Messrs. Lee and Shepard in 1882, has received six additions, all of them illustrated as carefully as their predecessors, and each and all a most delightful substitute for the Christmas or birthday card, which has become almost a nuisance, and which when once admired has no place it can properly call its own, its best final use being for the amusement of convalescent hospital patients. The set is published with illuminated fringed covers and also in cloth, the price in the first case being \$1.75 per volume; in the second, \$1.50.

THE *Sanitarian*, which has made itself an excellent record as a weekly, is to be issued hereafter as a monthly, the volume beginning with the January number, which is filled with valuable papers, notably that by the editor, Dr. A. N. Bell, upon "What shall be done with the Sewage?" It demonstrates the importance of the subject; the dangers of filth storage in the use of numerous makeshifts; the defects in methods of common use, and how to overcome them—alike applicable to sewerage systems, village and domiciliary necessities. "Canning Houses and their Relations to the Public Health," by W. Stump Forwood, M.D., is a deeply interesting paper on an extensive industry, particularly in Maryland, where it is extensively practiced.

THE beautifully-printed volume which contains Mr. Aldrich's "Mercedes and Later Lyrics," is in itself an

answer to the occasional carper who insists that we must still go to England or France for really satisfactory and honest book-making, so far as the mechanical side is concerned. The contents are of the same delicate finish that has always distinguished Mr. Aldrich, and the opening poem in prose, Mercedes, has strength and passion as well. It is a Spanish-French tale of love and war, founded upon an incident related in the *Mémoires* of the Duchess d'Abrantès, and it is worked out with a tragic power singularly in contrast with the light touch which is in the lyrics, in one or two of which halting rhymes and less poetry than usual may be discovered. But the collection is graceful and has a right to existence, which cannot always be said of modern poetry. (12mo, pp. 111, \$1.25; Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

NEW YORK stands before any other American city in its valuation of choice books, and Mr. Smalley writes with some surprise as well as slight reproof: "Apropos of prices, I see M. Gonse's 'L'Art Japonais' advertised in New York at \$60 for copies on ordinary paper, \$120 for copies on Japanese paper; of which latter the French publisher gives his customers to understand that but 100 copies in all have been printed for sale. The price of this book in Paris is 200 francs. With the discount the New York importer pays certainly not more than 150 francs, or \$80. The duty is 25 per cent, making the cost \$37.50; leaving to him a profit of \$22.50, or, if we deduct freight and other expenses, of \$20, or some 60 per cent. On the Japanese paper copies it would be still more. Truly the business of book importing in New York is one of those that leads to fortune if not to fame. A still more striking instance is perhaps supplied by the American importer of Sir William Stirling Maxwell's 'Don John of Austria.' Messrs. Longmans publish this book at two guineas. It costs the importer in London about \$7. Duty and expenses would hardly bring the cost up to \$10, but I see it advertised in New York at \$20. If the American buyer likes to pay such prices I have not a word to say. But I do assure him that by sending to an agent in London he can get books much cheaper. Only he would have to choose his agent with discretion."

PROFESSOR TYNDALL not long ago remarked to a friend, with whom he had been talking on the agnostic tendencies of the age, that he regarded the present time as simply the ebb-tide of faith, and that he looked confidently for a mightier wave than the world had ever seen, to rise, as such waves have always arisen, in the East. The book lately reviewed in these columns, "The Oriental Christ," would seem to be an indication that he is right, but Western thought is more and more alive to such questions, and sermons, no matter from what denomination, so long as the speaker is palpably in earnest, have never had wider sale. Dr. William M. Taylor has proved himself one of the most popular of preachers as well as writers, and the volume just issued by A. C. Armstrong & Co., "Contrary Winds, and other Sermons," shows no diminution of force or purpose, and holds ample reason for passing through as many editions as the "Limitations of Life, and other Sermons," which have found so wide an audience. (8vo, cloth, pp. 372, \$1.75; A. C. Armstrong & Co., New York.) Almost the same words may apply to a preacher less widely known, but of the same genuine stamp, the Rev. George C. Lorimer, whose earnest volume, "Jesus, the World's Saviour. Who He is, Why He Came, and What He Did," has lately come from the press of S. C. Griggs & Co., of Chicago. It is not necessary to agree with every point made by the writer; it is sufficient to note the spirit of reverent faith, of deep earnestness, and of a culture which has kept full pace with the best in modern thought—all going to make the book well worth the attention of a large and interested audience. (Cloth, 12mo, pp. 351, \$1.50.)

